THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MATTIE'S ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELLA WHEELER.

I am only a humble maiden,
And I am not learned or wise,
But I have a graceful figure,
And dusky hair and eyes.
And I have a lordly lover—
A lover of high degree;
My face and form have won him,
And he wishes to wed with me.

But I know that I should shame him,
With my rustic ways ere long,
For I am not versed in the customs
Of those that he dwells among.
And when he saw me moving
Midst the courtly people there,
He would forget my beauty—
My dusky eyes and hair.

And would curse himself for wedding
Out of his own degree;
And so I tell my lover
When he comes a-wooing me.
"Nay, nay, I will not listen—
You cannot move my mind,"
I answer to his pleading,
"Go wed among your kind!

"I have lovers enough to woo me;
If I want to wed I may,
And there are noble ladies
You can marry any day.
Your path is on the mountain—
And mine is on the sea.
They can never run together—
And you must not mate with me."

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

"Talk as you will, I shall be Violet's husband," cried Hugh Hatterick, derisively.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOICES OF THE STORM.

"Hark! there is another peal—another flash, more terrible than the first. God grant there may be no lives lost this night!"

It was a woman who spoke, sitting by a large log fire, the flames of which cast a ruddy glow over the comfortably-furnished room.

Comfortably-furnished, indeed, with its warm, old-fashioned couch and its old-fashioned chairs, and its dark paper, and dusky pictures showing out in the lamplight and the fire-glow, and strangely contrasting with the heavy November air, and the drowning rain, and the roaring wind, and the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning without.

"There's as good a chance for them to-night as on any other winter's night," was the reply.

The words came from the lips of a hale, stout, hearty man of about forty years, who sat on the opposite side of the fire.

A man, broad-built, with a ruddy face—a man whose wrinkles spoke less of age than the smothering of strong passions—a man whose eyes were keen as those of a hawk, and whose mouth was thin and stern—a man whose character you could scarcely fathom; such was the one who spoke, Douglas Armstrong, the Harbor-master of Trevegar, in Cornwall.

A contrast he was, truly, to his wife—light-haired, blue-eyed, still with the heartiness and comeliness of youth about her.

She shuddered as he spoke.

"Oh! I don't like to hear you talk like that," she said, "and I know, Douglas, you don't mean it. Think, now, what horrid peril there is on this rugged coast of ours—remember, too, that our boy, our first born, is a sailor, and may, for all that we know, be on his road home this very night. You should think of these things, Douglas. God save us! what a crash was that!"

The Harbor-master glanced out sternly and defiantly as it were, as the forked lightning plunged towards the boiling waves, and the terrific roar of Heaven's artillery boomed over sea and land.

Then, as the last murmur died away, and only the wind shrieked around the house, and the rain pelted against the windows, he burst into a loud laugh—a laugh that seemed horribly out of place in that awful scene.

"Ha! ha!" he cried; "you make me laugh, Lucy—you do indeed. Why, death is to me as familiar as life; and the surging waves, and the howling wind, and the red lightning that bring such terrors to your woman's heart, are to me nothing but the plain voices of the night. I have seen so much of it. It is the order of Providence, not of man; and I have ceased to think that we have aught to do in it."

The woman shuddered at his words.

"Please God, my son is not in danger; and, thank Him, too, our Violet and Tom are safe up-stairs in bed," she murmured; "but what is that?"

While she spoke there was a terrific flash, and in the light, standing out, red as one from the infernal regions, a tall, broadly-built man could be seen for an instant halting without the window.

There was not much time for discussion or reflection.

Before Douglas Armstrong could answer her, the door opened and the new comer entered.

He was a large man, as I have said—a man about thirty, with abundance of black locks falling over his ample shoulders—a man who, despite the fact that he was ten years younger than the Harbor-master—seemed as weather-beaten, and strong and stern, and defiant as Douglas Armstrong himself.

There was another thing noticeable in him, moreover—a bright gleam of the eye; not one of pleasant meaning; not one of joyousness, but a look of desperate cunning—the smiling leer of one who could stab and jest at one and the same moment.

His dress might have belonged to any one in the lower class of sea-port society.

It was a mixture of the attire of the fisherman and the smuggler—the honest searcher of the deep and the daring man who ran illicit cargoes upon black stormy nights, or watched upon the cloud-darkened cliffs in hopes of a wreck on the dangerous rocks below.

A quick glance—a glance full of meaning—passed between the new comer and the Harbor-master.

"What cheer, Hugh Hatterick?" asked the latter; "what brings you out in such weather?"

"A ship's ashore on the Dead Man's Reef, Mr. Armstrong, and she's giving out signals of distress. Hark! now the door's open you can hear her guns firing."

As they did so, a heavy booming sound rolled over the seething waters.

The Harbor-master sprang up at once, and going to a cupboard, brought out a weather-proof hat, leggings and a storm coat.

His wife stepped to his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder in gentle entreaty—

"Don't go out to-night, Douglas," she said. "I fear for you—indeed I do. It is such fearful weather, and what good can you do?"

A frown passed over the dark features of Hugh Hatterick, and before the Harbor-master could speak, he answered—

"If we were all to say that, Mrs. Armstrong, who'd be left to aid the poor sailors? Would you have it said that your husband held back when the lives of your fellow creatures were at stake? I wonder at you, Mrs. Armstrong, with a son at sea too!"

"True, true," murmured Mrs. Armstrong. "I must not be selfish. But I would rather," she whispered to her husband, "I would rather see you go out with any other man than Hugh Hatterick."

The Harbor-master made a gesture of impatience.

"It's only prejudice, wife," he exclaimed, as he prepared to go; "only prejudice. Hark, they're at the guns again. In such a sea as this, it'll go to pieces in a few moments. Good-night, wife, fear not for me."

He kissed his wife's forehead, and passed out into the storm, and Hugh Hatterick followed, closing the door behind him.

Mrs. Armstrong stood at the window, and watched them, and then as they disappeared in the black darkness, which covered everything, she sank down upon her knees sobbing bitterly, and praying.

"God save the poor souls! God grant my boy is safe!"

The respectful manner in which Hugh Hatterick had spoken to Douglas Armstrong vanished, when they trudged on together in the face of the wind and the rain.

"It will be a good haul, a splendid haul," said Hugh; "as far as I can make her out, she's an East Indiaman, and laden heavy."

"So much the better," said the Harbor-master, "one ought to have a good reward for venturing out on such a night as this. Are the men on the shore?"

"Yes, they're all there, waiting under the Giant's Cliff. I called them up before I came for you."

"Are the coast-guard and the life-boat men there too?" asked Douglas Armstrong, "for, if so, I must hide my face. It will never do to be seen with you to-night."

"The coast-guard are lighting up the beacon on Dead Man's Point, the life-boat men are already at the work. There is no fear of recognition. Let us hasten on. See, the beacon is lit already."

He was right.

On the summit of Dead Man's Point, a black promontory rising nearly four hundred feet above the level of the sea, a huge flame lapped suddenly heavenward, and then whirled round under the influence of the mighty wind.

"Yes, we must hasten on," said Douglas, "or we shall be too late."

The two wreckers now proceeded, with all speed, towards their destination, which was a broad sweep of sand and shingle beneath a row of lofty and jagged cliffs.

Nothing could be seen now of the shape or size of the rocks or the vessel.

Nothing, in fact, could be distinguished but a long, dark, frowning line above, and a rolling, seething line below, and high waves rolling and heaving like black hills tossed by some terrible convulsion of nature.

On reaching the shingle, however, they could see abundant signs of life.

The men whom the Harbor-master seemed to call his friends were congregated there in great numbers, their light shirts and jackets showing conspicuously in the darkness, as they roamed hither and thither, each striving to have a better view of the unknown, labouring vessel, which they were hoping would soon go to pieces before their eyes.

What thought they of the bitter anguish, the dread despair of the drowning souls, as they battled vainly for life?

All they cared for was the golden harvest they could reap without hard work; the spoil of the dead, the hard-won treasures of years.

Suddenly, above the roar of the waves and the howling of the wind, was heard one universal cry, one long wail of agony, and the noble ship which had borne its burden of life and wealth in safety from the far east to the rugged Cornish coast, broke into a hundred pieces upon the jagged teeth of the rock.

There was a breathless silence among the men, every eye being strained towards the boiling waves which they expected soon to deliver up its prey. They had not long to wait.

There was very little pity there—very little help for any poor being in whom life might not be entirely extinct.

Eager, ravenous hands clutched them. Hands which only sought gold and gain.

Presently, lifted on the crests of huge billows, pieces of timber and casks, and bodies of men and women, were flung with a rush and a roar upon the shingle.

Then began the work of destruction and plunder.

The Harbor-master and Hugh Hatterick, whom chance had thrown together in the scramble for the horrid plunder, had stripped some drowning soul and cast him to the ocean, when the body of a young man was swept to their feet.

As far as they could see him, he was a young, sturdily-built sailor, and was dressed in a short pea jacket and white trowsers.

The Harbor-master at once knelt by him, and commenced searching for treasure; but the drowning man had evidently taken great precautions, both against shipwreck and plunder.

Whatever treasure he had he had carefully stowed away, and some few moments were uselessly expended in searching in his pockets.

"Curse him, where can his gold be hidden," muttered Douglas Armstrong to himself; "never mind, I'll have off his jacket, and see if he has hidden his treasure there."

So saying, he drew off the pea-jacket, and was in the act of laying it down and removing the sailor's belt, when the young man heaved a deep sigh and raised himself.

He comprehended the scene in a moment, and his hands had in an instant seized Douglas Armstrong by the throat.

"Villain!" he cried, "is it thus you succor the poor victims of the storm? Wretch! this shall be your last crime!"

"Help!—help, Hugh Hatterick, help!" cried the Harbor-master in gasping accents. "He is choking me—kill him! but take him away."

Hugh Hatterick in an instant sprang to the side of his friend.

"Ah! ah!" he cried, "my fine fellow. For once you have made a mistake."

As he spoke, he drew a knife from his belt, and in another moment the gleaming blade was buried in the stranger's breast. With a deep groan, the young sailor fell back dead upon the shingle—the last look of his eyes falling on the wrecker's face.

Hugh Hatterick knelt down by his side and began searching him.

"Why he has nothing upon him," he cried; "curse him! he was not worth killing."

"Except that he might have settled me," said the Harbor-master, "if you had not given him the knife. But see, there is his pea jacket; perhaps there may be something in that. I had only just cast it aside when he clutched me so fiercely by the throat."

Hugh Hatterick, having finished his searching in the belt, turned to the jacket.

At first he could find nothing, but at length a small canvas pocket discovered itself sewn up in the lining.

In a moment he comprehended the value of the treasure.

"Ah! what have we here?" he cried; "gold, and notes, too, it seems to me by the touch. Ah! Douglas, you are not such a fool, after all."

The Harbor-master extended his hands eagerly.

"Stay! He is *my* prize," he cried in anxious accent.

"I know it; but I saved you from him—we'll divide the spoil in the morning."

So saying, Hatterick lifted the body of the murdered man in his arms, and with a long heave flung it back again into the sea. Scarcely had he done so, when a loud cry was raised,

"Fly, fly! the coast-guard are upon us," shouted a man who had been on the watch on the cliff.

In an instant all was confusion. Men and women—for women, be it said, joined in the terrible scramble for spoil—hastily gathered up their ill-gotten plunder, and paused to see which way their dreaded enemies would come.

Not a vestige of anything portable was left—clothes, jewelry, money, even boxes, were seized and borne away.

The wreckers, indeed, knew that no mercy would be shown them. Often in the midst of their hideous work there had been a sudden outcry—the rushing of many feet—and the coast-guard had fired, remorselessly, into their midst. Seizing their plunder, therefore, they made off with it towards the cave beneath the Dead Man's Point, where they generally succeeded in concealing their booty from the eyes of the authorities.

"Do you accompany us?" said Hugh Hatterick, to the Harbor-master, as he prepared to move off from the scene of murder.

"Not I," returned Amstrong. "I must hurry up towards the pier to meet the coast-guard. Farewell, and remember, I shall expect to see you in the morning."

On the edge of the pier, when he reached it, he met the captain of the coast-guard.

"Sad weather, terrible weather, Mr. Armstrong," said he; "and these wretches have been at their cruel work again."

"Yes, indeed, so it seems," said the Harbor-master, with a shake of the head. "Villains! they ought to be hung; but see, the fisher-boat, full of its brave rowers, is running into harbor. Let us see if any poor souls are saved."

So saying, he rushed forward with well-assumed eagerness towards the point to which the boat was making.

CHAPTER II.

THE NAME OF THE DEAD.

The next morning rose bright and beautiful.

The storm had spent its rage, and the sun shone out now upon a calm, unruffled sea, and a beach where the pieces of shattered timber showed the fury of the tempest, and the naked bodies showed the work of the wreckers.

Not a single soul had been saved; and when the fishermen went down to the shore to see whether they could ascertain the name of the ship, not the faintest clue could be obtained.

Soon after breakfast time on that morning, Hugh Hatterick made his appearance. The family were gathered together, talking of the storm and the wreck; the Harbor-master, his wife, his son Tom, a stout, sun-burnt, handsome youth of eighteen, and Violet, his daughter, the gem of the family, her golden locks, and blue eyes, and graceful form, contrasting strongly with the black hair and stout frame of her brother.

The group started, and an eager gleam of satisfaction crossed the face of Douglas Armstrong as he beheld the form of the dark-feature'd wrecker standing on the threshold, while Violet, becoming deadly pale, turned her head and gazed from the window out on the placid sea.

"Well, I'm punctual, Mr. Armstrong," said Hugh Hatterick, once more assuming his polite demeanor. "I promised to come round and tell you how the poor souls fared last night, and here I am. Ne'er a soul saved! Good-morning, Mrs. Armstrong, hope you're well; and Miss Violet yonder—she seems afraid of me always."

"Oh! she's always timid," said Armstrong, hastily. "Here, Tom, take your sister out in the garden. I've a few words to say in private to Mr. Hatterick."

Glad enough to quit the presence of one they evidently detested, the brother and sister quitted the room, and in a few moments Mrs. Armstrong also followed their example.

Hugh Hatterick, after seeing that no one was listening, approached the side of the Harbor-master.

"Douglas," he said, "I told you we'd share the spoil this morning. So we will; but things have changed a little. I'd rather you'd come down to the cave. I've a deal of things to tell you, and it won't do for us to be closeted here too long."

The Harbor-master's countenance fell.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't hand me my fair share of the spoil," said he. "I can still come on to the cave."

"No, no, it won't suit *me*," cried Hugh Hatterick; "in this, Douglas Armstrong, I will have my own way. I shall do nothing—say nothing till I see you there. So good-morning. I'll expect you in an hour."

"Very well, since you will have it," said Armstrong, "I suppose it must be so. I will be with you."

Hugh Hatterick smiled, nodded, and then opened the door.

At the garden gate stood Violet, looking down the road. Her brother and mother were talking a little apart, and as if gratified at the chance, Hugh Hatterick hurried towards the young girl.

"You are looking more charming than ever, Violet," he said, familiarly, as he neared her. "Nay, there do not look so black at me. You did not look as black as that last night but one, when you met young Harry Heathersley down by the church yonder, against your father's knowledge."

"Leave me, Hugh Hatterick," said the young girl, first reddening and then turning pale, "what is Mr. Heathersley to you that you should mention his name! What am I to you that you dare to question me at all, or to speak to me of my looks?"

The smuggler laughed as he leaned on the gate in such a manner as to prevent her entering the garden.

"I'll tell you what I am," he said; "I'm the man that'll be your husband. Aye, shrink and tremble as you may, that's the truth; and all the Harry Heathersleys in the world won't prevent it."

"There is another, sir," cried Violet, angrily, "who will tell you how absurd is your degrading proposal."

"And pray who is he?"

"My father.

"Now look you here, Violet," said Hugh Hatterick, looking full in her face, and putting his sun-burnt forefinger on her white hand, by way of strengthening his argument, "there you're wrong. Your father won't object; he'll like it. He'll ask you to be my wife, and ere six months are over your head, my girl, mark me, you'll be Mrs. Hatterick."

"Really this is too absurd, too ridiculous to be angry at," cried the young girl. "Leave me, sir; if you are a man, leave me when you see how annoyed I am with your presence."

"Ah, certainly, I'll go now, Miss Armstrong," he said, swinging the door back, and letting her pass, "but remember Hugh Hatterick has told the truth now, if he never told it before."

So saying, he passed away down the road, and whistling as he went, made his way over the cliffs to the smuggler's cave.

He had hardly gone from the garden gate when the postman arrived, and placed a letter in Violet's hand.

She cast an eager look at the superscription, and then rushed towards the cottage, in the porch of which Douglas Armstrong was speaking to his wife.

"Oh, mother! and father dear," she cried, as she bounded up to them, "here is a letter from dear brother Robert, see!"

"Open it, my child, and read it then," said the Harbor-master; "let us hope he is safe and well."

The letter which Violet read, was as follows—

"My Dear Mother—At length I am on my way home—and by the 14th of November next, I hope to be with you—"

"The 14th of November!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, "why that is to-day."

"Aye, sure enough," said Douglas. "But let the girl finish. Go on, Violet."

"I have shipped on board the 'Golden Eagle' (so the letter went on), an A 1 vessel, and I'm bringing home plenty of money and good health, too, thank Heaven! and so I mean to stay with you some time, and see all the dear old faces and dear old places again. My best love to all—to you, dear mother, to my father, to Tom, and Violet. I can say no more now, for the mail is just on the point of sailing.

"Believe me ever

"Your affectionate son,

"Robert."

"This letter must have been sadly delayed," said the harbor-master, "to reach us only now. But good news is always welcome. Our son will be home to-day, unless, indeed, the baffling winds of yesterday and the day before have delayed him."

"I shall always bless the delay," said Mrs. Armstrong, "if it has kept him off our coast in such weather."

Full of thoughts which made him far from anxious to converse with any one, Douglas Armstrong, who had now donned his hat, quitted the house, and made his way towards the town, through which he had to pass on his way to reach the Dead Man's Cave.

Many friendly nods and greetings were his as he passed along the streets, for all respected him; none knew the terrible secret which was locked with an iron key in his heart.

But even this strong heart had now somewhat changed—its tone somewhat softened. The receipt of his son's letter had brought a strangely-born compunction to his heart.

"I'll have no more of it," he thought. "I'll take this spoil, and then I'll break with Hugh Hatterick for ever."

The road towards the Dead Man's Cave led over pleasant, meadow-like land, which rose gently on one side, and on the other led treacherously to the edge of cliffs hundreds of feet high, the passage to the cavern itself being concealed by a dense clump of brush-wood, beneath which it was necessary to clamber to find your way into a narrow, chalky, subterranean passage, that gradually widened into a colossal corridor.

This again widened into a giant cave, surrounded by a number of smaller ones, one of which opened upon the sea.

In the large cave, surrounded by bales of goods and casks, and piles of clothes and pieces of wreck, he found Hugh Hatterick alone.

The smuggler, who was leaning on a rough table, smoking, and evidently in deep thought, started as he saw the form of the harbor-master.

"Ha! my friend," he cried, advancing, "you are come, then, to receive your share of the spoil."

"I am," said Douglas Armstrong, "I am come for the last time to take the money of the dead. During last night; during, at least, the few fleeting minutes which were allowed me for slumber, I was haunted by terrible phantoms. I saw nothing but the ghastly faces of imploring women and desperate men. The forms of little fatherless things led by the hand the ghosts of their dead parents. I will have no more of it—no more of it."

Hugh Hatterick laughed loudly, and the echoes of his horrid mirth went leaping away through the vaulted caverns.

"So you'll give up all your golden harvest for the sake of an idle dream," he said. "Ah! that will wear off soon enough, I'll warrant me. Here, let us share this plunder. By the look of this calm, deceptive sea, we'll have another fine storm here soon."

"I'll help no more," cried the harbor-master, vehemently, "by heaven, I'll help no more. Murder and plunder as you may, I've done with it; done with it forever. My son's coming home, too, and— There, I will argue with you no more—I've done with it."

A curious smile came over the face of the dark smuggler. "Well, well," he said, your son's coming home, eh?"

"Yes, by the 'Golden Eagle,' from the East Indies. He'll be home to-day."

"Will he though?" said Hugh Hatterick, dryly. "But, come, before I say more, let's divide last night's spoil, and then, I'll warrant me, I'll find an argument to persuade

you to come amongst us as freely and as often as ever."

"Never, never," muttered the Harbor-master, as Hugh Hatterick took a heavy canvas bag from his pocket and began opening it.

"Now mark you," said he, "this bag, which I took from the pocket of the young sailor whom we killed last night—whom I stabbed by your orders—contains two thousand five hundred pounds in gold and notes. Ah! you may well look, it's a good haul, I believe you. But besides this money, I found twenty-one letters and a portrait. Now, I'm going to give the two thousand five hundred pounds to you, and I'm going to keep the letters and the portrait myself. There's the money."

Despite his good resolutions for the future, the hands of the Harbor-master eagerly clutched the treasure.

"But tell me," he said, as he stowed it away in the breast of his coat, "tell me, what is the meaning of this generosity—why do you thus give up to me the whole of the treasure?"

"Because," said Hugh Hatterick, fixing his eyes upon him with a lynx-glance, "because I consider the letters and the portrait worth far more than the money. You have said you will quit our band—you will no longer assist us. Now, there are many reasons why you *must* remain with us, and remain you *shall*."

"Shall!" cried the Harbor-master, reddening with anger.

"Aye, shall!" repeated Hugh Hatterick, in a voice of sneering triumph; "shall is the word. I will delay no longer, but explain all. From this moment I hold over you a dread secret—from this moment, Douglas Armstrong, I am your master, *you* my slave. Nay, do not interrupt me. You said you expected your son to-day. He has come. Cast back into the sea—killed by your orders, last night—he has gone to heaven with his tale of vengeance, and you, Douglas Armstrong, are in my power."

The Harbor-master regarded him with glaring eyes, standing stiff and erect before him like a pale, ghastly statue.

"You lie!" he cried, in a hoarse, thick voice, "foully, miserably lie."

"I do not, Douglas Armstrong," returned Hugh Hatterick. "See this letter. I can well spare it out of one and twenty—they are your own letters to your son. See this portrait—it is that of your wife! Look behind you and tear the canvas from that pile, and see, concealed there, the figure-head and the name-board washed ashore from the 'Golden Eagle' last night. Yes, you are in my power—the man whom I killed at your wish was your own son, and your secret is mine forever. If you want more proof," he added, "here is his jacket with his name woven in its lining."

The Harbor-master took one glance at the paper and the sailor's pea-jacket, and then turned round mechanically and did as he had been bidden.

One glance was enough. The "Golden Eagle" was indeed the ship which had gone to pieces on the last stormy night on the teeth of the Dead Man's Reef.

One look he gave Hugh Hatterick; then, with a wild cry, he fell on his face upon the hard ground with the letter still clutched in his clenching fingers.

Hugh Hatterick stood over him, triumphantly, the jacket in one hand and the bundle of letters raised aloft.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "the prize is mine, Douglas Armstrong! Your secret is no longer your own, and Violet, in spite of all, will be the wife of the one she despises."

CHAPTER III.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF.

When Douglas Armstrong rose from the hard ground upon which he had flung himself in his terrible grief and horror at Hugh Hatterick's revelation, he found himself alone.

The author of his despair, the keeper of his awful secret, was gone, and everything around him had an air of gloomy and mysterious silence.

The dark rocks seemed to frown down upon him—the bales and casks, and the figure-heads of vessels, seemed to remind him of the dread trade he was engaged in, and from which there seemed now truly no hope of escape, while the quiet flash and roll of the waves upon the shingle appeared to call to his recollection the tempest-driven billows, upon whose angry crests the body of his murdered son had been borne away forever.

Slowly the Harbor-master rose, and staggering to one of the rough casks, which served for seats, sat down and clasped his hands over his aching brow. For a few moments he seemed quite unable to realize his position; the events of the past night, and the scene which had just taken place between him and Hugh Hatterick appeared to him like hideous dreams.

But this feeling did not last for long. The crushed letter was still in his hand, the figure-head and the name-board of the "Golden Eagle" still stared him in the face.

"Oh, horror!" he murmured, "this is indeed a punishment—just punishment truly for such crimes as I have been guilty of; and yet there is no retreat—no means of retrieving the past. This villain Hatterick holds me in his power. He is the possessor of my secret, and will use it to the utmost."

As he spoke a dark thought entered his mind—"If Hugh Hatterick were destroyed, I should be safe."

But the thought was dismissed as soon as framed.

"No, no," he cried, "crime leads to crime, they say truly—but with me it shall *not* be so—it shall *not* be so."

Then he bethought himself of the treasure—the blood-money—which he had placed in his pocket; and he drew it at once from its hiding-place.

The sight which had recently so delighted him, now inspired him with the utmost horror. "The gold—the notes—I will have none of them," he murmured. "No, no! I will never have it upon my conscience that I used the money which I obtained by the death of my own son. I will leave it here—here in this abode of crime and shame—where none shall find it."

He glanced around him in search of some place of concealment, and he was not long in discovering one—a hole in the honey-combed rocks—into which he thrust his ill-gotten plunder.

"No one, no one," he muttered, as he staggered away from the lonely depths of the Dead Man's Cave, "shall benefit by the spoil taken from my poor son."

Different, indeed, were his feelings now, as he tottered away up the narrow subterranean passage—over the green downs—through the town—to what they had been an hour or two before. Weary at heart—overcome by remorse—seeming to have no hope and object in life, he slunk along, until arriving at his own house, he gave himself up to despair and grief.

Hugh Hatterick, on the contrary, triumphant in the discovery of a secret which would give him so much power over the father of the one who was the object of his unworthy passion—never pausing for a moment to think of the murder he had committed the night before—passed away from the cave, and walked rapidly in the direction of the "Three Mariners," where persons of his character and station most did congregate.

Hugh was feared by many—liked by very few. Every one knew the dare-devil part of his life, and many knew the worst part of it; but there was something so commanding—so incomprehensibly determined in him that few cared to gainsay him or oppose him in even the smallest particular.

When he entered the public room, he was received with murmurs of welcome, for most of those who composed the company were engaged in the same dangerous trade as himself and regarded him with almost as much respect as if he had been a guardian saint.

"Well, my friends," he cried, "my jolly companions! I've come to drink health to you all, and a quiet grave to the poor fellows who died in the surf last night."

There was a solemn silence as this toast was drank, for there were those in the room who were not in the terrible secret, and whom it would have been imprudent to allow to participate in it.

But the toast once drank, there was soon a repetition of the roystering gayety which had preceded his arrival. Wild and lawless toasts were drank, loud songs were sung, and at last Hugh Hatterick rose and with a good-by left the room.

It was a lovely evening, and the balmiest of balmy sea breezes was blowing from the calm ocean, over which the last red rays of the sun were glimmering in crimson glory, and after the pleasant labors of the day, Violet Armstrong and her brother passed from their home for a quiet stroll on the cliffs.

"I met Harry Heathersley this morning, Violet," said Tom, as they sat down upon a projecting piece of rock, "and he talks about wishing to see you to-morrow evening. Here is a little note he gave me for you."

Violet blushed as she took the billet and placed it in her bosom. "Dear Harry," she murmured, "I wonder how much longer it will be necessary to keep our meetings so secret. Did he say anything to you of this?"

"He did say that he had good news for you," returned Tom; "he said that he expected his uncle was coming from London, and that he depended upon his assistance, with his father; but what this meant, I don't know."

"*I* know," said Violet, smiling; "his uncle will, he hopes, change his father's heart, and induce him to see me, and consent to our marriage. But, whom have we here? Oh, it is Hugh Hatterick, and I think he has been drinking."

"Aye, that he has," said Tom. "Shall we avoid him?"

"It is of no use, now," cried Violet, in a voice which trembled violently.

Hugh Hatterick had made his appearance so suddenly from behind a ledge of rock, that hardly had the last words left Violet's lips when he was by her side.

"Good-evening, Violet," he said, with a swaggering familiarity. "I hope I find you well, and your brother too. He's a likely lad."

"I'm very well, I thank you," returned Violet Armstrong, in a quiet voice; the lovely evening enticed us out, but we were just thinking of returning home."

"I'm glad, then," cried Hugh Hatterick, "that I came up in time, for I've got something most particular to say to you."

"It's getting cold," interposed Tom Armstrong, "and my mother does not like Violet to be out in the chill sea breezes. Had you not better come home if you have anything to say?"

Hugh Hatterick, who had in reality only been impelled to this visit by the heat of intoxicating drinks, still knew well that he was in no fit condition to present himself before Mrs. Armstrong.

"No—so," he said, "what I've got to say won't take long, but I don't want every one to hear it." And with these words he sat down on the rock by the side of the young girl.

"Say what you have to say quickly, Mr. Hatterick," she said in a tremulous voice, "for I must, as my brother says, be going homewards soon."

"Good; I will not detain you long, Violet," he said. "What I have to say is a repetition of what I said this morning, with *this* difference. I'm tired of my roving, scapegrace life, and I want to settle down. I've scraped together a goodish bit of money, and I can get together a nice home. I want you to settle a day, Violet, when you'll become the wife of Hugh Hatterick, and make a happy man of him."

Violet recoiled from him in evident horror. "You must be mad, Hugh Hatterick," she cried, "to speak to me thus. I have never even by word or deed given you the slightest encouragement—never for a moment induced you to believe that I should ever be your wife. Do not speak of marriage again to me. Let it suffice that I say that I love another, who is more in my own station, and do not provoke me to say more."

The wrecker glanced at the young girl with a cold glitter in his eye. "Oh! I don't mean to provoke you," he said, "not in the least. It rather amuses me to see you so frightened. I would not care for you if you were all smiles and gentleness. I like a spice of the eagle along with the dove. I suppose you were going to say that you hated me and despised me—that Harry Heathersley's a gentleman, and I'm not; and so on. But look you here, girl, it's all of no use. You're going to be my wife, in spite of all the Heathersleys—in spite of all your hatred; and, what's more, in spite of your father. He daren't lift hand or voice against Hugh Hatterick, mark you that! So be a little sensible; name the time, and try and look on the bright side of things."

He had taken hold of her wrist as he spoke, and held it tight.

"Unhand me, Hugh Hatterick," she cried, striving in vain to rise. "Unmanly coward, let me go."

The wrecker sprang up, still holding her in his strong grasp. "Not till I've had one kiss, my pretty Violet," he cried, approaching closer.

But his attempt failed.

"Help, Tom!" cried Violet, and in an instant her brother was at her side.

One blow planted skillfully between Hugh Hatterick's eyes sent him reeling backwards, and Violet was free.

The wrecker did not fall; but the blow was sufficiently strong to cause him to recede several paces, and when he recovered himself he burst forth in a loud torrent of fierce invective which made Violet shudder and cower down before him.

"I'll pay you for this," he cried, as he steadied himself and advanced; "I'll take the insolence out of you, my fine fellow, I can tell you."

Tom Armstrong placed his sister behind him, and stood erect and proud before the infuriated wrecker.

The eyes of both gleamed with anger, but while Tom was calm, though pale, Hugh Hatterick, inflamed with drink, had the appearance of a furious assassin thirsting for his adversary's blood.

Any spectator would certainly have said that Tom was no match, slim and young as he was, for the daring, broadly-built smuggler; but in the heart of the brave youth no question of inferiority or superiority had even arisen.

The wrecker, on the other hand, used to assert a sway among his companions by his bullying voice and his brute strength, was quite confident as to the result, and rushed forward eagerly to wreak his vengeance upon the stripling who had dared to strike him.

The fight did not last long, just as he sprang forward, Tom caught him as before fair between the eyes, and the wrecker, staggering back, fell heavily to the ground. As he did so, there was a rush of feet, and the Harbor-master ran towards them.

"Ha! Douglas Armstrong," cried the wrecker, as he rose slowly, "this is the respect you teach your son to have for me."

Armstrong turned, very pale and excited, to his son.

"Why, Tom, what means this?" he said; "what have you been doing to Mr. Hatterick?"

"He insulted my sister, sir, and I struck him," returned Tom Armstrong, boldly. "I only did what *you* would have done had you been here."

The wrecker folded his arms and indulged in an uproarious laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!" he cried, "I just fancy I see Douglas Armstrong raising his hand against me! Look you here, Douglas," he added, in a stern whisper, "remember the secret I hold, and tell yonder whelp of yours to know better manners, *unless, indeed, you want him to follow his brother.*"

"Hush, madman!" said the Harbor-master, hoarsely.

Then, turning towards Tom, he said,

"What is this I see? Do you not know that Mr. Hatterick is my friend?"

Tom, standing still, with flashing eyes, distended nostrils, and heaving chest, regarded his father in utter astonishment; his love for him alone prevented a feeling of contempt.

"*Your* friend, father?" he cried. "Why, he's the greatest villain in the village; he's a smuggler, we all know, and he's suspected of being worse."

"Nevertheless, young fellow, I *am* your father's friend, and, if you don't like me, why, there's an easy way of making you be civil. If your father won't make you keep your tongue between your teeth, and your hands off me, *I'll* take you in hand. Mark, if I thought your father encouraged you, I would—"

"Hush, fool!" said the Harbor-master, in a hoarse whisper, turning livid with fear and rage. "Have you left your senses behind you at the 'Three Mariners?' Have I not done as you wished? Are you not satisfied, that you should try to excite suspicion in my children's mind? Enough; Tom shall not offend again. Come, Violet, and you, Tom, we must return home."

"A word to Violet—" began Hugh Hatterick, advancing.

Douglas Armstrong waved him back with a gesture almost imperious in its character: "Not now—not now," said he; "you are in your cups, Hugh, and not yourself. Save your words for another time. Good-night."

So saying, he drew his daughter's arm in his, and hurried from the scene, leaving Hugh Hatterick standing scowling in drunken anger after them.

"Father," said Violet, looking up tenderly in his face, as they passed from the cliffs, "what is this horrid man to you that you should befriend him? Why do you scream him?"

"Ask me not, my child," said the Harbor-master, gently, "ask me not; let it suffice that your father desires to keep his good will for awhile. Both you and your brother will, I am sure, be civil to him rather than see me bowed down with sorrow and shame. There, speak no more; ask me nothing, for I will not, cannot answer you."

CHAPTER IV.

BY NIGHT NEAR THE SMUGGLER'S GAP.

Heathersley Grange stood beyond Tregegar church, upon the hillside overlooking the village, and with a view far out over the boundless sea. It was an ancient building, more ancient than the church itself, and in some places it seemed truly as if the closely twining ivy were supporting the tottering walls. The heavy timber round it, and the strange class of building, proved also its title to antiquity, while within, the dark old panelling, and the quaint corridors ending nowhere, were such as were never seen in any modern edifice, no matter how crotchetty the builder.

The rooms within, however, were comfortably furnished in the warm and old-fashioned style, and in one of these, on the night after the meeting of Hugh Hatterick and Tom Armstrong on the cliff, Sir Digby Heathersley and his son were seated.

The former was a tall, white-haired man—a man who looked every whit of what he was—the proud descendant of a long line of ancestry; one who prided himself more upon his name than upon his wealth—who believed in blood rather than merit—in an unsullied escutcheon rather than brains and worth.

The latter was a handsome youth of about twenty years, somewhat above the middle height, with dark brown locks, a bright hazel eye, and a lightly-built and symmetrical figure.

A picture over the high fire-place showed at once whom he resembled—the sainted mother, long since buried in the family vault of the Heathersleys.

"Henry," said Sir Digby, rousing himself from his reverie, "your uncle, Lord George Heathcote, has written to say that he is coming down to-morrow."

"Yes, sir, replied Henry; "so you informed me. I am sincerely glad to hear it. He is my favorite uncle, as he was my mother's favorite brother.

"Ah, your mother taught you that system of favoritism—but no matter; he's a good fellow—a right good fellow; and I remember once at the battle of— Well, we'll not talk of that now, Whom, think you, he brings with him?"

"I know not, indeed, sir,"

"Why, he brings with him his daughter, your cousin, sweet Mistress Alice. Oh! she is a lovely creature. Such eyes, such a figure, such rich brown hair. My boy, you will fall in love with her at first sight."

A very perceptible flush overspread the face of Henry Heathersley as his father spoke. In his heart he guessed well what was coming next from Sir Digby's lips.

"I do not fancy so, sir, he answered. "I have seen my cousin years ago, and I have not forgotten her."

Sir Digby turned to him with somewhat of a frown.

"Henry," he said, "I perceive it is necessary for me to speak seriously to you on this subject. You are aware that in my younger days I was not so careful as I might have been, and that I allowed much of my property to lapse into other hands. Now, to save the name of the family, your uncle, Lord George Heathcote, lent me the money to extricate myself, taking certain securities, and among others, a mortgage of these estates. Now, at my death, the whole of my property, real and personal, reverts to him—and you are left penniless, except on one condition."

"And what is that, sir?"

"That you marry your cousin, Alice Heathcote—and thus make, as it were, a second union of the families."

Henry Heathersley turned pale. "This is very sudden, sir," he said. "I had no conception before this moment that you had any idea of a marriage between myself and my Cousin Alice; and in regard to your pecuniary difficulties, I had not the slightest idea that your affairs were not in the most flourishing condition. Your kindness has prevented my being enlightened in any way on this point."

"I did not deem it necessary to inform you before," replied his father, smiling at his son's compliment; "in fact, as regards Alice, it would have been useless, since she has been travelling on the Continent to complete her education, and it would have been impossible for you to have seen her. But there is no need to discuss the question. She is pretty, accomplished, and the heiress of this property, which should have been yours. There can be no reasonable objection; and in fact, unless you desire to covet poverty and shame, you will make up your mind to the alliance."

Henry Heathersley knew not what to reply to this. Bound up as his heart was in Violet Armstrong—pledged to her as he was by word and by the deep love of his heart—he nevertheless knew the utter uselessness of pleading such a cause with his father.

He was spared the necessity of reply, however, for at this moment some one knocked at the door, and in another moment Luke Hasper, the steward entered.

The baronet glanced at him with a somewhat irritated look. "What is it, Hasper?" he said. "Did you not understand that I was engaged?"

"Yes, sir; but you bade me tell you if there was any movement on the cliffs to-night."

"Aye, truly, Luke, yes; what news have you?"

"I don't know whether it's any news in particular, Sir Digby," said the steward, "but I've heard from one of the coast-guard that the smugglers expect to have a fine cargo to-night, and it is suspected there's more than smuggled goods to come in. He says that they are on the look out for news about the Young Pretender, and the whole of the coast-guard's men are going down to the Smuggler's Gap. There'll be terrible doings to-night I expect, for that desperate fellow, Hugh Hatterick, has been seen lurking about the Gap."

"I am glad you told me this," said Sir Digby rising, with a strange look upon his face, "very glad. Henry, my boy, we will defer our conversation till the morning. Meanwhile, think over what I have said. The balance will, I am sure, be in favor of what I wish—wealth and a beautiful wife against poverty and shame."

So saying, he hastily quitted the room, after signing his steward to follow him.

Left to himself, Henry Heathersley remained for some time in deep silence, gazing into the fire, and thinking of the fairy form, and the lovely face, and the gentle voice which his father wished to drive away from him forever.

In the midst of these meditations the clock struck nine. He started up at once.

"Violet will be waiting for me," he said, "I must go. At the Smuggler's Gap too, near which these wretched rascals are congregated. I must never meet her there again."

With these words he glided away from the room, and out of the house, without allowing himself to be seen by any.

The night was dark, but it was not stormy. The tempest which Hugh Hatterick had prophesied had not made its appearance—in fact, the wind was unusually gentle, and the heavy black clouds which shut out moon and stars hung listlessly, motionlessly over the wide expanse of ocean.

There was just sufficient breeze to cause the breakers near Dead Man's Point to break into white foam, and the long waves to roll with a plunge and a hiss over the shingly and uneven beach. But that was all.

The trees—leafless now—scarcely whispered to Henry Heathersley, as he pressed on towards the cliff. All was supernaturally still and dark. He knew his way well, however, and ere half-past nine had reached the place which was known for many miles around as the Smuggler's Gap.

This spot, which was not far from the house of the Harbor-master, was a large natural archway of sandstone, beneath which you passed to descend to the broad shingle. It was a spectral, weird-looking structure, especially when the moon was shining brightly on it. It appeared then like the ruined arch of some old abbey which the encroachments of the never-ceasing billows had blotted out forever.

Behind its broad side pillars, if I may call them so, several persons might hide in safety. In fact, it had derived its name from the fact that from this spot the smugglers generally kept watch when they were expecting the arrival of some illicit cargo from abroad. It was the best place which could anywhere along the coast have been selected for such a purpose, for from it could be commanded a stupendous sweep of sea, whose nearest waves plashed against the rugged feet of the cliff, some hundred feet below.

It was this point that the lovers had selected for their rendezvous on this dark November evening, and as Harry Heathersley hurried up, he found that Violet was there before him.

With her appearance came a burst of radiance from the moon, which seemed as if anxious to break through its prison to have a glance at so fair and pure a being.

"Dearest, I am so glad you have come," said Henry, after he had folded her in a fond embrace; "I have much, very much, to tell you."

"And I you, dear Henry."

Sitting down with her upon a stone under the shade of the Giant Arch, Henry poured out to her the whole sorrow of his heart, speaking bitterly of the wrong his father had done him by concealing the state of his affairs, and dwelling with anguish on the suddenness of the proposal in regard to Alice Heathcote.

"Except for your dear sake, Violet," he said, "I care nothing for the property. But here I am, twenty years of age, knowing nothing by which I could earn my own living and enable myself to rise triumphant from difficulties. I would for you, Violet, work willingly, but how?"

"Your sorrow is only equal to mine," she said. "When I tell you, you will see that *your* position is scarcely so bad as mine. But hark! what is that?"

A sharp report and then a booming roll came dully over the dark sea.

"Oh! it is nothing," said Henry; "some signal from the revenue cutter, or perhaps from some smuggling craft. I heard they were about to-night. But tell me, Violet, what is your trouble?"

Briefly the young girl narrated to her lover the scene of the evening before—the strange behavior of her father, and the fear that Hugh Hatterick had in some manner or another acquired an undue influence over the Harbor-master.

"But surely he would never, under any circumstances, permit you to receive the addresses of such a villain as Hugh Hatterick," cried Henry Heathersley.

"Oh! I know not, Henry. I know not. This very morning I begged him to forbid Hatterick the house. I entreated him to tell the villain that I would have nothing to say to him. But my father only pressed his hand to his brow and said, 'My child, you ask too much. I cannot—will not insult Mr. Hatterick. You must try and like him—try and like him.'"

"Good heavens!" cried Heathersley, "I will see your father myself. I will go boldly to him to-morrow, and proclaim my love for you. I will entreat his secrecy, and we will soon see if money will not rid us of this ruffian, Hugh Hatterick."

"Money will not rid you of that ruffian, Hugh Hatterick," cried a voice loudly, and at the same moment the tall, broad-shouldered wrecker strode out from the shadow and confronted them.

The lovers sprang to their feet, and Violet clung to Henry in fear.

"Who is this, Violet? Who are you, sir?" cried the latter, "and what mean you by addressing me?"

"Who am I? I'll tell you. I'm Hugh Hatterick, and, what's more, I'm the man that's going to be that young girl's husband, so I'll see to-morrow that Mr. Armstrong and Sir Digby Heathersley put a stop to this billing and cooing out here at night on the cliff."

"By heavens!" began Henry.

"There, play not your theatricals," cried Hatterick, with a sneering laugh, as he drew a pistol from his belt, and played with it derisively, "I have something here that would soon settle the question for you. I've too much respect for your father, however, to do you any harm unless I'm obliged, only don't provoke me. I've no time to say more. Go on—talk away—make as many promises as you like; There's one that doesn't care for you and your words. There's one, as I've told you, that means to be Violet Armstrong's husband; and mark me," he added, slapping his broad chest, "that man's Hugh Hatterick. So good-night, my fine fellow, and recollect—don't play with edged tools."

He started quickly, as a second gun boomed over the water, and a red light was seen far off dancing on the waves, and then with a laugh which echoed hoarsely over the rocks, he plunged down the narrow path leading to the shingle.

Henry Heathersley made a step forward as if about to follow him, when Violet suddenly seized his arm, and drew him back into the shadow of the archway.

"Stand back, Harry," she whispered, "some one comes this way."

Scarcely had she spoken, when a second form was seen approaching.

The moon broke out full in his face as he passed beneath the Giant's Gap, and Henry Heathersley saw his features.

"Great heavens! my father, and in disguise, too," exclaimed Henry. "What strange mystery is this? Away, dear Violet! I will follow him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who Won the Prize?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

"Laura Elwood, I think it is an outrageous shame for you to allow Mary to prompt you in class—that's no way to win the prize."

Thus spoke Bessie Duncan—her cheeks flushing and her eyes flashing as she uttered the indignant words. Bessie was a pretty girl of nineteen, with a look of exuberant health in her round face and figure. Laura about the same age and equally good looking was paler of complexion, and her dark eyes fell as she replied.

"She spoke without my asking her. I knew the answer well enough without any prompting."

Bessie's lip curled with incredulous scorn—"Oh, of course! but you must care very much to win by such means."

"I do care," replied Laura looking up once more, "very much to win the prize, but I do not care to dispute with you. Good morning."

The two girls had been standing in front of the academy which was in one of the pleasantest streets of a large town. As Laura spoke she turned away, and walked calmly on, leaving Bessie flushed and angry, looking after her. "If I were a boy," muttered Bessie, "I believe I would knock her down, but that would not be lady-like," with intensely wrathful contempt on the last word.

At this moment a young gentleman came around the corner of the street, Bessie saw him her color deepened still further and she watched him eagerly—of course he met Laura first, as she had moved some distance from the school. Bessie could not hear what was said, but she saw Mr. Frank Dashwood bow with a ready smile, and then, after a moment's hesitation, join Laura without one look at her. At this Bessie turned in an opposite direction, and set off for her home at a pace which threatened to overthrow any unwary pedestrian who did not take good heed to avoid her.

The quick motion in some measure restored her mental and bodily equilibrium, and when she reached home she walked more soberly into the parlor where her mother was, and flung herself down into her favorite arm-chair with a muttered denunciation of her own folly.

Mrs. Duncan who watched her daughter keenly, divined that something unusual was amiss.

"What is the matter, Bessie?" she asked kindly.

"Nothing, only I have behaved like a brute."

"Not quite so bad as that I hope," said her mother cheerfully. She was used to Bessie's impetuous denunciations of herself and others. "What have you done now?"

"Oh, I have insulted Laura Elwood, and then wished I were a boy to knock her down."

"Oh Bessie!"

"Yes I did, I told you mamma I behaved like a brute. I wish I was not so foolish, but she did make me very angry."

"What did she do?"

"Only what she does every day, got one of the girls to prompt her in class; of course she'll win the prize."

"Ah, Bessie," rejoined Mrs. Duncan thoughtfully, "this contention for the prize develops anything but your best qualities. I wish you would give it up."

"Give it up!" and Bessie sat up in amazement, "when I have been working for it for three years."

"I know that, my dear, but I trust that all your hard study has been for some better object than merely to obtain the public honors of a prize."

"Yes, of course," said Bessie rather slowly, "I wanted to learn."

"And only yesterday I heard what ought to soften your heart towards poor Laura and make you quite willing to leave her win the prize if she can."

"What is that?"

"She is counting upon obtaining this distinction as the honor which shall give her a position she is most anxious to secure, the position of teacher in Madame Le Roy's school."

"Laura! a teacher! But I don't understand," exclaimed Bessie in amazement.

"I was not so surprised as you are," replied Mrs. Duncan; "for I know that Mrs. Elwood is not well off. She told me last evening in that long visit she made me exactly how she is situated. It seems the little money her husband left has all been expended in giving Laura her education, and unless she can obtain a situation as teacher immediately, they will be in great distress; if she is the first scholar in the academy, Madame Le Roy will doubtless give her this post."

Mrs. Duncan watched Bessie nervously as she spoke. Her expression slowly softened, but for a moment she said nothing, then she asked:

"Can't Laura get the place unless she has the prize?"

"Mrs. Elwood fears not, there are several other applicants, but Madame Le Roy is fond of display, and will unquestionably give the position to Laura if she can write after her name in the advertisement, Prize Scholar of the Winfield Academy."

"That is what I have hoped people would say of me," said Bessie.

"Yes, my dear daughter, you have longed for the empty honor, for the applause of your little world. Have you realized how much of selfish ambition there has been in all this? Try to think of it now and to remember that to Laura this is a matter of real importance."

Bessie rose from her chair and began to walk slowly up and down the room. Mrs. Duncan did not speak, did not even appear to be watching her. After a time, taking care to pause while behind her mother, Bessie said:

"Suppose Laura were to be married at once; then she would not have to teach."

"I presume that would depend on whom she married," replied Mrs. Duncan, not turning her head.

Another pause, during which Bessie did not move, then she said in an altered voice: "Frank Dashwood is very attentive to her; suppose she married him?"

"Is there any probability of that?"

"I—I don't know, he walked home with her this morning, and if I let her have the prize I don't think she ought to have everything;" and with this somewhat incoherent sentence, Bessie rushed out of the room.

It would be hard to follow the workings of that noble, but as yet somewhat ill regulated young heart; the winning of this prize had been very dear to her, and could not easily be resigned now. No further conversation passed between Mrs. Duncan and her daughter upon the subject; the judicious mother understood well Bessie's temperament, and knew that a few words spoken in season were better than perpetual remonstrances.

A week passed by, during which Bessie was diligent at school and perfect in her lessons. The contest between these two girls, who for the past three years had been the best scholars in the academy, grew more exciting; the other pupils watched them with intense eagerness. As each rose to recite there was a hush of expectancy, and each had their friends who hoped that their favorite would win. Bessie had by far the largest party of admirers, her frank kindliness won upon all, and the girls somehow realized that she was the more thoughtful scholar of the two, while others besides Bessie had detected the friendly promptings of which Laura was willing to avail herself when hard pushed.

It wanted but three days of the end of the term, when one morning Bessie rose from the breakfast table and went out into the garden, instead of, as usual, preparing for school. Mrs. Duncan had noticed that she was strangely pale and silent, but at first paid no attention to her absence. The moments slipped away, and presently the academy bell rang out for nine o'clock; then Mrs. Duncan observing that Bessie's hat still hung on its peg untouched, went to the door and called. In a moment Bessie appeared from the depths of the shadiest part of the garden.

"My dear, do you know that it is school time?"

"Yes, mamma, but I am not going to school."

"Not going to school!" repeated Mrs. Duncan, in surprise.

"No, if I stay away a whole day, it will give Laura the prize, and it is the only way. I could not go there and make poor recitations." Bessie's voice was steady, but she was very pale; it was no light matter to her thus to resign the object of her hopes and aspirations for three years past.

Mrs. Duncan came to her and took her in her arms. "My noble daughter," she said, "I am a thousand times more proud of you for this act of self-sacrifice than if you had taken all the honors the school can give. The substantial part of the honor you have won, for you have studied well, and thoroughly acquired your education; you will have won the testimony of a good conscience, and can well afford to give poor Laura the prize that will be so much to her."

Thus Mrs. Duncan comforted and counselled her daughter, and Bessie nestled close to her mother's side. It was a sore trial to her wholly to subdue her ambition to her better nature, and she needed the sympathy that was so sweet to her. The mother and daughter talked for some time, and then Bessie tried to settle herself to some light task, but after a time she grew impatient of the inaction of staying at home, and resolved that she would go out for a walk. To this Mrs. Duncan readily agreed, feeling that exercise was far better for her than a quiet brooding over her decision. So presently Bessie was away, taking a direction which led her quite out of the town into the country.

She walked on as usual, rapidly, but her eyes scarcely saw the pleasant prospect around her. She was only half happy; she had to be sure a consciousness that she had done what was right, that she had performed a kindly act, and yet her thoughts were constantly haunted by pictures of Laura's triumph, which jarred upon her despite of herself, and under all a deeper tone of melancholy put her whole soul out of tune with the peace and harmony of nature.

She continued her way, absorbed in gloomy reverie, until she turned into a green and secluded lane, where the grass lay smooth from side to side and the trees arched pleasantly overhead. Here the sound of a clear voice whistling merrily caught her ear, but she paid little heed to it till a turn in the lane brought her face to face with Frank Dashwood. At sight of him Bessie passed with a sudden tell-tale flush sweeping over her cheeks. She had not seen him since the day when he joined Laura Elwood; he had indeed called at her home twice, but she had been out, and he had seen only her mother. The young man's pleasant face reflected the color on Bessie's, and he paused with a bright smile lighting up lips and eyes.

"Oh, Miss Bessie, I am so glad to meet you!" Then a moment after they had shaken hands. "But how comes it you are not at school?"

"Because I preferred to stay away."

"What an odd fancy, and so near the end of the term!" Then after a moment, "Why, won't you risk losing the prize by this?"

"Yes, a day's absence spoils a perfect week, and this will probably be fatal to my hopes."

"You don't intend to go at all to-day?"

"No."

"And yet I thought you cared more for this prize than anything else in the world."

"Oh no, Mr. Dashwood, not that, I hope. It is evident that it was high time I gave it up if my friends thought it so absorbing."

"I am glad it is not so," he said earnestly; "and since you are an idler like myself, may I walk a little way with you?"

"Willingly."

And so the two young people strolled on for a little while, talking of indifferent subjects. Frank Dashwood kept up the conversation rather languidly, and presently, when they reached a seat under an overarching tree, said:

"Miss Bessie, will you sit here with me a moment? I have something to say to you."

She consented, though her heart beat quickly at the words and the tone; and then, as they two sat there side by side, Frank Dashwood poured out all his heart. He told Bessie how he had loved her and her alone all his young life, how he had been almost in despair of late, thinking she cared for nothing but college honors, how he had not intended to speak until after she had graduated, but could not resist the temptation today.

Bessie listened, absorbed, happy beyond words, but when he paused for a reply, true to her instincts of duty, her first words were, "But mamma."

"I have your mother's consent, darling," said Frank. "Oh, you need not look so surprised. I have been improving my time when I called on her and you were out."

This filled the cup of Bessie's happiness: she could tell Frank now how she too had loved him, and even tell him how jealous she had been of Laura.

"You need not have been," he said. "I never cared for any one but you."

"Poor girl, I am so glad that she will have the prize," sighed Bessie, and then she made the confession to her lover of all her selfish ambition, and her final act to overthrow it.

Frank listened, full of admiring sympathy, and no two happier hearts could be found on that summer morning than these two that beat side by side under that arching tree.

Three days later Laura Elwood received the grand prize of the Winfield Academy; but Bessie was not forgotten, her classmates, guessing how this triumph had been brought about, and not liking to see their favorite unrewarded, clubbed together to purchase a gift, which was presented to her with their heartfelt love and good wishes. So that Bessie also won a prize.

☞ There are 700,000 cats in London.

A DEAD-LOCK, AND ITS KEY.

"A note for you, ma'am. No answer."

I was resting in my own room, after riding—it was six o'clock, too early to dress for dinner, too late to dress twice after taking off my habit—sleeping over a book, and comfortable in my white dressing-gown. I was bored by the interruption. The note was no more than this:

"DEAR SALEEN—I must stay where I am; and you must go by yourself to the Lesters'—you won't mind. I saw Jack, and he said there was no party, as it would be troublesome with the wedding to-morrow, and the dining-room is given up to the breakfast. I've sent back the brougham. Thine, FRED."

Fred. is my brother, and was invited, like myself, to dine quietly with these Lesters, whose pretty daughter was to be married next day to a friend of ours—specially Fred's and mine—Sir John March, commonly called "Jack."

"What keeps Fred?" was my passing thought; then I read a little longer, dressed, and drove to Portman Square. As I turned the corner, I saw visible preparations and signs of the morrow's wedding at the Lesters' door. A cart with flowers was unloading; an awning was being put up over the balcony and hall door; men in white aprons came and went. As the brougham drew up, I could see through the open door the bustle and stir within. At home in the house, I opened the dining-room door, to see what progress was being made with the tables. Several maid-servants and some of the confectioner's men were arranging the ornaments and flowers; the cake, with its conventional erection, stood conspicuous. My friends' maid was putting moss into the flower-baskets, and decorating the high dishes containing the more durable part of the feast. "Well, Barker," I was beginning, when I caught the woman's eye. She was doing her work with a strange gravity, and her face was full of horror and pain. When she saw me, she let fall the flowers in her hand,

"O ma'am! O Miss Sarah! you've come."

"Of course, I've come," I answered. "What is the matter?"

"You haven't seen them, ma'am, have you?"

"Seen who?—the ladies? No; I came straight in here to look at the tables. Is there anything wrong? I suppose we're to dine in the library for to-day? How nice it all looks!"

"Nice! O ma'am, it's a mockery, it's awful! To see it all, and to go on as if—as if—— O Lord!" and the woman sat down, and rocked herself to and fro, with the tears running down her face.

I was thoroughly alarmed now. "Barker, *is* there anything wrong? Is any one ill, or dead? Don't frighten me like this. I'll go and see them, if you won't speak out;" and I went to the door. I just saw that Barker had descended to the floor, and that her head was on the chair, which she clutched, sobbing aloud.

I met the butler and another man crossing the hall, both with scared, solemn faces, and went on to the morning-room on the same floor. There all looked much as usual. The pride of the house and of my friends' rather valuable collection of antiquities stood facing the door—a huge cabinet, with massive clamped doors, and richly cut brass work—*ciscle* as only genuine brass work of old time can be; curiously inlaid wood work; marvellous locks, which no one but its owner understood, and no one else dared meddle with. It was a very old friend, the great *armoire;* playing with the children of the house in my own childhood, I knew it, inside and outside by heart. A mystery and a wonder then—an interest later—always a thing to admire and wonder at even now.

It had three doors. The centre one, about four feet wide, and certainly six inches thick, shut in another, which again enclosed, with a space of about eight inches of waste room a set of six drawers, of different sizes, and a sort of cupboard above them. We used to stand as little children between the drawers and the inner door, and wonder, supposing we were shut in, whether we could breathe long in that narrow enclosure, or be heard by any one without, supposing—awful thought!—we were forgotten, or the outer door were shut. I remember thinking of it in bed at night, as nervous children will think of such things, till I was cold with horror. Both these two doors shut with a catch which was not a lock; but we children were forbidden ever to open or shut them, except when Mr. Lester was present. It was doubtful if any one else knew how to open them, for no one ever tried. The two side-doors opened with curious keys, which stood in the locks, chained to the armoire. They were valuables in themselves. The great key of the centre door, worth a hundred pounds or more, was considered too sacred for common eyes, and lay in a velvet-lined case in Mr. Lester's own keeping—brought out only occasionally to show to those who could appreciate such things.

It stood there in the summer twilight, looming darkly in the quiet room, darker than the rest of the house, as back-rooms in London often are chilly, it seemed to me, in my thin white dress, coming from the hall full of sunset light. Turning to leave the room, I saw a man lying prone on his face upon the sofa; so still, and so straight, and so strange in his attitude, that I could only stare for a minute, and wonder whether he was asleep or dead. His hands were over his ears, grasping his hair, as if in pain; and I noticed the soles of his boots turned quite up, as one notices trifles in the midst of alarm or bewilderment. The nails in his boots showed he was not dressed for dinner. His hat was lying on the floor on its side. His face I could not see; but I knew it was Jack March, and I touched his arm in wonder.

"Jack, are you awake? Are you asleep? What is it?" I asked, with growing alarm. Was I to find something strange in every room I entered in this house? "Jack!" I said again. He turned, and I saw his wild haggard face, that looked at me with vague eyes that seemed not to see; and then he put his head down with a moan, and covered his ears once more, as if to shut out sight and sound. The room felt darker and chillier for this silent figure; and the gaunt old armoire seemed bigger and more oppressive. I ran out of the room in a sort of panic. Upstairs the drawing-room door stood open. The glow of the sunset was over the room, bright with flowers and pictures; and the open windows showed the balconies lined with red cloth, and ready for the guests next day. Silence here, and silent figures, two of them—one crouched upon the floor, with arms outstretched upon a sofa; another lying half across an ottoman—the bride's mother and sister. As I came in and spoke, now fairly bewildered and frightened, Mrs. Lester rose up with a despairing wail.

"Saleen, Saleen!" She stood shaking and crying out my name.

"Dear Mrs. Lester," I said, taking the poor woman's cold hands, "come and sit down, and tell me what has happened—Kate!" I called to the girl on the floor, "come and give me that cushion." She came mechanically, and helped her mother to the arm-chair. "Now, tell me, if you can"——But Mrs. Lester's head had fallen back upon the cushion, and she had fainted. The girl roused herself.

"No wonder," she said; "she has eaten nothing all day; and then all this. It's too awful, Saleen. I shall go mad if I think; and papa has never come back!"

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know. We sent down to the club and to the house; they can't find him. And we've searched his room, and it's not there. It's nowhere. And Jack is nearly wild; and we daren't break it open."

"It! What, child? Can't you say what you are talking about? *I* shall go mad next. *What* can't you find? And what ails you all?"

"Saleen, it's Mary. Mary is in there; and the key is gone, and papa is away; and she's dying there—suffocating;" and the girl flung herself on the floor with wild sobs and tears. Mrs. Lester lay forgotten in her swoon; Kate rolled in unavailing misery on the carpet. I fled down stairs. The servants were as busy as ever. I knew it all now.

"Good God!" I said to the butler, who was carrying in a tray of glass, "are you going on with all this useless folly, and that girl dying in the next room? Is no one going to try to save her?"

Davis stood still, and looked at me pityingly; he shook his head sadly, and went on.

I rushed into the street; a policeman was standing near the carts. "Come here," I said. "You"—to another man—"go and get a blacksmith. Run for your life! Tell him to bring tools to open locks and unscrew everything. Run.—And you get a hatchet; get anything; come and break open the great cabinet." I gasped to the servants, who came out to see what it all meant: "Don't lose a moment. Great heaven! the time that has been lost already!" They obeyed me, dispersing hither and thither. It seemed hours before the men came back with tools. "Try the hinges first. Are there screws?" There was that chance; and they worked at them, removing several heavy curious nails and screws, but seeming no nearer to the object; the door was fast and firm. "Oh, break it down!" I screamed at last; "break it with the hatchet. What does anything matter, but her life—her life!"

"Her life!" said some strange voice close to me, and there stood Jack March swaying like a drunken man, with scared eyes and wild hair. Was his reason gone or going?"

"Don't!" he shouted to a workman who was lifting the hatchet to break in the door. "Not up there. Her head." And then he stooped his ear to the keyhole, listened intently a minute, raised his hand, as if to demand silence, and the intelligence fading out of his face, he rose with a discordant laugh, and walked away. "Bah!" he said; "her life against Lester's cabinet—her life against a key." We did not even look round to see where he went stumbling through the hall, where he fell in a fit upon the floor.

Fearing to injure that imprisoned figure—living or dead, who could tell—we left the door, and proceeded to break into the middle compartment from the wings. The grand old workmanship resisted: there seemed no weak point, no crevice, no possibility of breaking into the huge thing without fear of harm to *that* which it held locked and fast, within a few inches of our light and air and living life, done to death by a bit of clever machinery, the work of a dead hand. I would not think of beautiful Mary Lester as she might be, must be, if another hour went by. All this time, no questions were asked. I never knew till afterwards how it had all happened: how her father, only an hour or so earlier exhibiting his wonderful cabinet to a connoisseur in such matters, had gone upstairs with his friend to show the key he prized so much, leaving the cabinet door open, intending to return—how Mary and the children, a younger brother and sister, had come in—and how the unusual sight of the open door had attracted them—how she looked in, and told the little ones she had not stood inside it "so" since she was as little as they were; and laughing, tried to stand in the old place. "I am not too big even now, am I?" she said; and the children ran to see, and pushing the doors against her, the spring caught, and shut her in with death and suffocation; while they went shouting to the others that sister Mary was "in there shut up," and "they couldn't let her out."

No, they could not let her out. Mr. Lester and his friend had gone off with the key, to show it to some one who had doubted its date—so it appeared from one of the boys who now came in: he had heard them talking on the stairs as they went out.

"He said: 'Jarvis knows nothing about it; he has never seen it,'" said the boy, sobbing. "I heard him. I know he said Jarvis."

"That will be Colonel Jarvis, in Charles street, ma'am," said Davis. "Maybe, if we sent there—"

There were voices outside, and Barker looked in with a white face of horror.

"It's master coming in," she said, in a sort of whisper.

We all stood back. Who would tell him? Who was to say, your girl is behind that immovable door?

But the boy, frightened enough at his father at other times, went up to him, trying to speak quietly: "The key, sir. Quick, for God's sake!"

"Key! What—what's all this? Good God! sir"—seizing a servant by the collar, and flinging him to one side, like a cat—"do you know what you're doing meddling with that cabinet? Why, it's worth thousands! God bless me! what does all this mean?' He was purple with anger. "Don't stand staring, Sarah Heriot," he thundered, "you are not a fool; be good enough to explain this—this—"

I went up to him sick with horror. "The key is wanted," I managed to say. "There is some one inside—dying."

"Some one—dying—in there! Who? What! Who is it, girl?" He shook me by the shoulder till I winced with pain.

"Oh, the key, the key! Never mind anything else, sir. Only open it quick, and lose no more time."

He looked sharply round—Mrs. Lester and Kate were standing at the door, with their terrified, miserable faces. He took in the rest of us with a glance.

"Where's Mary?" he said suddenly. No one spoke. "Why the devil don't you answer me? *Who* is shut in there? How could any one be there? Trash!" But his face was growing ashy gray, and his lips whitened as he spoke. "Ah, my God! I never shut the door! It is not *Mary*, not my girl that's—" He pointed with a shaking hand to the heavy door. "And—I haven't the—key!"

He made one rush into the street; the servants standing about were swept right and left, as he tore past them, down Orchard street into Oxford street. They could see the hatless, fleeing figure disappearing in the distance.

Mrs. Lester came into the hall. The doctor and others were busy about poor Jack March, who lay on the dining-room sofa with closed eyes, happily unconscious. The timid mistress of the house stood by the staircase, her face, her voice, her whole appearance changed and aged in the last hour.

"He has gone for the key; he can't be back," she said, speaking like a woman in a dream, "not for half an hour." She looked round stupidly, and smiled. "He will kill me, you know; but the cabinet *shall* be broken open—broken to pieces! Never mind. Fancy *waiting* for the key!" she laughed. "Break it down, I tell you! *I* give the order. Do you hear me?"

Two workmen came from the side-door, where a fresh and useless attempt had been made to remove the pannel without injury to the front or to the imprisoned girl.

"We might loosen the wood-work, and strike it out, mum; and go on taking out screws, same time."

"Do it."

Sharp blows upon chisels now, and several screws removed from lock and hinges.

"Strike at the hinges with the hatchet," came Mrs. Lester's altered voice, hard and wiry usually so low and hesitating. "Cut them through; it *can* be done—it *shall*."

They struck with a will; the hatchet edge was pressed to the weakest part, and heavy blows from a mallet upon that. The hatchet-edge was turned, and a dint made; some of the work injured and broken—but no more.

"Cut through the panel," suggested Kate. "Surely wood can be broken."

"It's all lined with iron, mum," said Davis; "it is as good as a safe. But we might try."

Three telling blows. The room suddenly darker, a chill sough of wind from the window, and the door swung to with a bang. Every one looked round. A growl of distant thunder; and a faint flash of lightning accounted for it next moment. More blows, and a long ominous roll, and the lightning playing across the great armoire; then an avalanche of rain and hail—all strange and incongruous on this fine evening. The room was nearly dark. One of the men spoke: "Is there a step-ladder in the house?" It was brought. "I'll try the top, with your leave, ma'am. Ah, if I had a light now!" He was given a taper from the library table. "Bill"—to his companion—"look here; hold the light, and keep a hand on the side." He lifted the hatchet, and gave a swinging blow—another—an awful clap of thunder, and the next flash showed every white face to the other. Quick steps in the hall, and the door flung wide; a wild, wet figure threw the key amongst us, and fell in a heap upon the floor. With a wrench the man on the ladder tore off the upper moulding, and half the roof of the armoire. Mrs. Lester took up the key, fumbled with the lock, let it fall with a shriek. Barker caught it from her, put it in, and turned it.

"Open it," she whispered to one of the men; "*I* can't." She turned away, sick with dread.

It was opened, showing nothing but the terrible inner door, whose spring was only known to the master, lying senseless on the floor.

"Take off more here," one of the men shouted; "it will give air till the door's got open."

Good thought. They worked savagely.

Mrs. Lester was on her knees by her husband. "Oh, get brandy! Get him to speak! He could tell us how!" They did what they could. "William! Oh, speak to me! How can I open it—the spring—the inner door?"

The white lips moved, and the head with its dripping hair rolled to one side, but no sound came. The men worked wildly now. All thought of sparing the beautiful front and brass-work was forgotten. They tore and hammered at the inner door, whose smooth polished surface presented no crevice or join where to strike first—where insert a chisel or direct a blow. As they worked, consciousness returned to Mr. Lester; he half sat up, supporting himself against the door; but no words came, though his lips moved, and his eyes looked with intense eagerness at the destruction of his precious armoire. He lifted his head and looked mutely at his wife. She put her head down to his lips. "What is it? What shall I tell them to do?" He beat his hand upon the floor.

Kate sprung forward: "I know! I know! Strike on the floor, at the foot of the inner door! Oh, I remember, it was there!"

Davis felt with his hand all along the polished surface of the lowest shelf. "Here, press here; give me a hammer." He felt a slight rise, and struck gradually all about the spot Kate showed him. A deafening clap of thunder, and a flash, blinding us for the moment, and we all crowded close, and then came a creak, drowned in the awful thunder.

"It's open," said one of the men.

Kate slid to the floor, twisting my dress about her head.

Davis turned from the door. "I daren't look," he said. "Do you," to the carpenter's man. "Open it gently."

Barker stretched forward, turned round, tried to say something, and burst out crying.

"I can't see," said the man, with a strange, thick voice. "Bring the light, some one." For ten awful seconds there was silence in the dim room, then a cry, and a heavy fall.

"Saleen," said a voice close to me, "do you know it's a quarter past seven, and you are due at the Lesters' at half-past; and not even dressed. Here's your book fallen down."

I had been asleep over an hour.

If I felt like a conspirator at the Lesters' pleasant dinner, it is not surprising, but I did not mention my dream.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle Round the World, Under the Command of Captain Fitz Roy, R. N. By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S., Author of "Origin of Species." New Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This volume, besides being of great interest to the naturalist and scientific man, will be quite fascinating to intelligent readers generally.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS. The "Handy Volume" Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE DIAMOND ON THE HEARTH. A Novel. By MARIAN JAMES, Author of "Ethel," "Not an Angel," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS. By AGNES LEONARD SCANLAND, Author of "Vanquished," etc. Published by Henry A. Sumner, 110 Dearborn street, Chicago; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

NAUTILUS; OR, CRUISING UNDER CANVAS. By Captain JOHN N. MAFFITT, formerly of the United States Navy. United States Publishing Co., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. This is an interesting account of a voyage on board the United States Frigate Nautilus.

THE UNITED STATES PATENT LAW. Instructions How to Obtain Letters Patent for New Inventions. Including a Variety of Useful Information concerning the rules and practice of the Patent Office, How to sell Patents, How to secure Foreign Patents, etc. By Munn & Co., Solicitors of Patents, No. 37 Park Row, New York. Published by Munn & Co., at the office of the Scientific American, 37 Park Row.

THE GALAXY. For November. Contains "Master Eustace," "Popular Fallacies," "Reminiscences of Lee and Jackson," etc., etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

QUAKER LIBERALITY.—The terrible hail-storm which swept over portions of Burlington, N. J., some time since, was very severe on the crops of a hard-working man, who rented a farm of a Quaker lady at an annual rental of $1,200. The lady called upon her tenant and said: "I have heard of thy misfortune, and came over to commiserate with thee." "Yes, ma'am, it's very unfortunate for me." "Are the buildings injured much?" "No; very little." "Well, then need not be concerned about the rent. Seeing thy loss, thee need not pay me any rent this year."

☞ The highest compliment to a barber—He died and made no sign.

Precious Stones, Jewelry, Etc.

WHAT WE DO AND DO NOT RECOMMEND.

We shall endeavor in this to give some information which may be of service to those who may now or at some future time contemplate purchasing articles of jewelry.

THE DIAMOND.

Commencing with the diamond, we find that this gem has a peculiar lustre which is different from every other jewel. This is probably owing to the fact that it is the greatest refractor of light. The dazzling brightness and clearness which are seen in every part of it are not found even in the best imitations.

The first requisite of a fine diamond is, that it be colorless—the slightest tinge detracts from the value. The next is that it be free from flaws and defects. It should also be cut in proper proportion. If it is too deep, the purchaser pays a large price for stone which adds nothing to the effect; if not deep enough, the full effect cannot be obtained. We may state here that stones which are colorless, and have all the other requisites that constitute a fine diamond, differ in lustre; but this is a difference which only a practiced eye can detect. Diamonds displaying a rose tint are considered next in value to the white or colorless stone; after the rose, the greenish tint is most esteemed; the blue shade follows next in succession.

YELLOW DIAMONDS AND IMITATIONS—NOT RECOMMENDED.

The yellow diamond cannot be recommended. It is considered objectionable from the fact that it is never clear nor sound.

The best imitation of the diamond is French paste, which is a fine quality of glass. It scratches easily and loses its brilliancy after a short wear.

The only counterfeit of this gem which can deceive a practiced eye is what is called a doublet; and this is not altogether a counterfeit, as the under or, we may say, the greater part of the stone, which is paste, is overlaid with a thin shell or crust of diamond. These deceptions are rare, and are only discovered when the owner desires to change the setting of the stone.

RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES—RECOMMENDED.

A ruby, which is next in hardness to the diamond, equals it in antiquity and in value. In fact, it is said that its value increases with its weight in a greater ratio than that of the diamond. Among the shades of color, that which is known as the vivid "pigeon's blood" is the finest; and it is stated that one belonging to this class of gems and weighing four carats would be worth two thousand dollars—twice the value of a diamond of the same size.

Two shades are generally displayed by the rubies which we are most familiar with. One is an intense carmine, and the other is a pure rose red. There are no successful imitations of these colors—in fact, this stone cannot be imitated.

Gems which belong to the same family, and which equal the ruby in hardness, are the sapphire, the Oriental topaz, and the Oriental amethyst. The last-mentioned stones must not be confounded with the common topaz and amethyst, which are colored quartz.

Sapphires are sometimes colorless, but this is said to be effected by exposing them to intense heat. Very rare specimens are marine blue. The usual color is a bright blue with a violet shade in it. These stones are easily imitated.

EMERALDS, BERYLS, AND AQUA-MARINES.

Although emeralds have considerable value, it does not increase with their weight in the ratio of the diamond and the ruby. Like some other precious stones, the emerald is subject to great fluctuations in price, its value being in a great measure determined by the demand. Just now the demand is very great. Whoever buys an emerald at the present time will be likely to pay ten times more than the same stone would bring a few years hence, if discarded by fashion. None of the precious stones are so full of flaws and defects, and none are so easily imitated.

Aqua marines and beryls are the same in substance and structure as the emerald, but they differ in color. The beryl, though hard, is not always transparent; when it is, it is called aqua-marine. It is colored by oxide of iron, while the emerald receives its color from the oxide of chrome. Aqua-marine is a pale bluish green resembling sea-water. These stones are inferior in value to the emerald.

OPALS AND PEARLS.

A genuine opal shows all the colors of the rainbow in different proportions. In some specimens, called the menilite, the ground part of the stone is brown instead of white. It presents, however, the same peculiar play of colors. The real opal may also be colorless, but in this case it has no value.

Pearls, from the estimation in which they are held, and from their scarcity—for a large and well-formed pearl is seldom found—must be ranked among the jewels which are recommended. Yet there is no intrinsic value in a pearl. They are formed of precisely the same substance as that which composes the mother of pearl—carbonate of lime. The latter is the lining of various shells, and the former are found in various mollusks, and in what is called the pearl-oyster. The East Indies, South and Central America, produce the finest specimens.

IMITATIONS—NOT RECOMMENDED.

There are many imitations of the opal. Some of them have a milky look, and all of them have a peculiarly red appearance when held up to the light, instead of the play of colors which distinguishes the real gem. The color is a cross between red and yellow. The imitations are full of flaws and fissures.

As the imitations of the pearls are generally sold for what they are, and as they are often more perfect in form and color than the real gem, they should not, perhaps, be classed among the things not recommended. Called by their true name of wax beads, we have no fault to find with them; called pearl beads, their natural place is under this heading. A very frail imitation is the thin glass bead which is lined with wax and fish-scales. A better one is the nearly solid glass bead lined with wax and covered on the outside with a thin coating of pearl or fish-scale. These imitations are so perfect that none save those who are experienced in such matters can detect them. A little wear, however, soon shows their real character.

QUARTZ CRYSTALS.

Ordinary topaz, and amethyst, and sardopyx, which is a reddish yellow or orange in color, are quartz crystals. Chalcedony, which is an uncrystallized variety of quartz, contains agate, onyx, chrysoprase, and cornelian. When it is arranged in different stripes or layers, it is called agate. When these stripes are horizontal, it makes onyx. Chrysoprase, which has but little lustre, is grayish green in color, while cornelian is flesh-color or red.

Garnets are also found in gneiss, a crystalline rock, and in mica slate. The garnet with which we are familiar is red; but there are others which are green, black, and yellow; the latter is held in great estimation. When cut in a certain form, the garnet is called a carbuncle.

IMITATIONS—NOT RECOMMENDED.

The imitations of these stones as well as the imitations of the ruby and emerald are made of glass. The glass which professes to imitate the ruby—which, it will be remembered, is either an intense carmine or a pure rose red—is either pink with a purple shade in it, or a color approaching to wine red. When held up to the light, the color is thin and poor, with none of the richness and depth which belong to the ruby.

Emeralds are so successfully imitated that it requires a practiced eye to detect a counterfeit. The topaz and amethyst are also successfully imitated, as are the various other quartz stones.

When the stone can be seen before it is mounted, a sure and easy way of ascertaining whether it is genuine or not, is to see if it will scratch glass. Quartz, being harder than glass, will always do this; but generally the trial has to be made before the stone is mounted, as the edge over which the mounting is placed may be the only part which is sharp enough to do it.

In buying a quartz stone, care must be taken by the purchaser not to be deceived by a doublet—glass at the bottom and quartz at the top.

CORAL—NOT RECOMMENDED.

The carved coral sets which are so handsome to the eye are probably the most unsatisfactory jewelry which can be bought. They break easily, and lose their beauty with wear. The reason of this is, that coral is carbonate of lime, which is slightly soluble in water; consequently in the handling to which it is subjected the moisture or perspiration of the hands gradually acts upon it and removes the fine lustre to which it owes its beauty.

JET AND SHELL JEWELRY—RECOMMENDED.

There is not much to be said either of jet or of shell jewelry. The former, which takes its name from its color, is made of a fine quality of coal and of glass. One substance is about as valuable as the other. Both are frail, but the coal is a little the stronger. The best jet jewelry, called the Whitby, is made of coal. It is imported from England, and the coal which is used has a fine velvet-black color. It is compact in structure, and is susceptible of a fine polish. It is carefully and handsomely carved.

The difference between tortoise shell and horn is very discernible when they are seen together. Tortoise shell has a dark, rich color, and is more transparent than horn. Seen apart, it is almost impossible to tell one from the other.

GOLD JEWELRY—RECOMMENDED.

Manufacturers sell gold jewelry to retailers for precisely what it is; but retailers are too apt to make false representations to their customers. Sets, chains, bracelets, and rings are made of ten and fourteen carat gold—generally of the latter. Chains and bracelets are rarely made of eighteen carat gold unless they are ordered, though a few manufacturers make sets of this quality of gold. In gold jewelry which is called solid, the metal is thick enough to stand without filling. As a rule, the quality of the gold is the same, and it varies in the same manner that it does in the better class of filled sets.

FILLED SETS—RECOMMENDED.

We place the filled sets under the head of recommended, because, in view of the changing fashions, we consider it more sensible to purchase them than to pay a large sum for sets which soon go out of style, and which are made of the same quality of gold, the difference being that the gold is a little thicker in the one than in the other.

Of course there is a difference in filled sets. The poorest—those which can be least recommended—are filled with what is called soft solder, which is a mixture of lead and tin. They are covered with a thin shell of gold, and are badly finished. A better class of gold jewelry is filled with hard or running solder, which fuses only at a red heat. This cement or solder is a compound of silver and copper. They are well covered, and the gold is of as fine quality as that used in the most costly sets. The patterns are the same as are seen in the best gold jewelry, and they are elegantly finished.

MILTON GOLD—NOT RECOMMENDED.

What is called Milton gold is simply brass. The reader may know that brass is composed of zinc and copper. The composition called Milton has a larger proportion of copper than ordinary brass. It is the same thing which has flourished at various times under the names of tombac, pinchbeck, oroide, Abyssinian, and, lastly, Milton.

The price asked by the wholesale dealers for sets—ear-drops and brooch—made of this composition was, a short time ago, twenty-five cents. We presume they are still sold at the same price. This fact shows the money value of this jewelry. Of course the wholesale dealer makes his profit; yet four times the price is asked by the retailers. The greater part of this wretched stuff is made in Massachusetts.—*Metropolitan.*

DECIDEDLY GOOD.

Will Carleton, the rising young poet, in an editorial poem, thus tells how a farmer took a youngster of his to a printing-office to be made into an editor, being fit for nothing else.

The editor sat in his sanctum, and looked the old man in the eye.

Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made this reply:

"Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?

Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?

Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?

Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on sixpence a week?

Can he courteously talk to an equal and browbeat an impudent dunce?

Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once?

Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch?

And be sure that he knows how much to know, and *knows* how to not know too much?

Does he know how to stir up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride?

Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide?

Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim?

If so, we perhaps can be making an editor outen o' him."

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his visage o'erspread;

And he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably out of his head."

A ROMANTIC REUNION.—A young man in the east wished to marry the daughter of a prosperous merchant, but he had no money with which to back his suit. He was therefore declined as a son-in-law, and so he went to the Pacific coast to seek his fortune. He sought gold everywhere, but found little; and at last, after years of labor and hardship, determined to return to his old home. He engaged his passage from San Francisco, when he encountered his early love, now near middle age, who, with her brother, had gone in quest of her old lover. Her parents and all her near relatives had died, save her companion. She was wealthy, and only too happy to give her fortune, with her hand and heart, to the man who had struggled valiantly and failed to earn the meed of toil. The twain were wedded, and returned to the east with the dream of love as bright and fresh to them as it had been years before. Even this practical age cannot extinguish the poetry of affection, devotion and romance.

☞ A newspaper contains an account of a new play, and says the audience sat spellbound. There were only four persons present: one was deaf, and the other three were asleep.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Fyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

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Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

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Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

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Trust what Time has Sanctioned.

The maxim that the voice of the people is the voice of the divinity, may in some cases, be open to doubt, but the testimony of honest and enlightened witnesses extending through a series of years, and all to the same purport, is worthy of credence, admits of no question. Upon such testimony the reputation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS as an antidote and cure for many ailments is based. During the twenty years that it has been before the world, innumerable preparations, intended to compete with it, have gone up like rockets, and come down the extinguished stick. Meanwhile the progress of that incomparable tonic has been swift and steady—always upward and onward like the eagle's flight. Its introduction produces a revolution in therapeutics, and it proved to be one of those salutary revolutions that cannot go backwards. To-day Hostetter's Bitters is one of the most popular remedies in Christendom, and commands a larger sale than any other medicinal preparation, domestic or imported, on this side of the Atlantic. As a cure for dyspepsia, bilious disorders, nervous affections, general debility, and as a preventive of epidemic fevers, it takes precedence of every other remedy. This fact should teach the ambitious country dealers who endeavor to foist their local abortions on the public in its stead, how futile their small attempts to cajole the community must necessarily be. Where the game fish have failed there is no chance for the "suckers." oct7-4t

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sends his **"Family Physician"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

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OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

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HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

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New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

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One Copy, - - - $2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

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☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ A good way to get sick is to go shopping every day in the week, eat ice-cream and cakes for dinner, drink strong tea for supper to strengthen the nerves, and fret the balance of the time because you haven't sufficient means to buy all the fancy goods displayed. Fretting is the doctor's best friend all the world over.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

CLUBS!

In country places—especially in places where THE POST is not regularly kept for sale by newsdealers—large clubs can easily be raised by any active person. The large size of the paper, its beauty and character, will commend it, we think, to general approval. THE POST is now not only equal, but *superior* to the 83 papers, and tens of thousands doubtless will be anxious to subscribe for it, if it is once fairly brought to their notice.

We hope our subscribers, and Postmasters also, in the country, will see that the people are not left in ignorance of the increased size and the *remarkable cheapness* of THE POST. We think we fairly deserve to double our circulation during the coming Fall and Winter.

THE "HEALTH LIFT."

Among the singular institutions of Boston, New York and Brooklyn, are the "Health Lifts."

These are the "notion" of a Boston physician by the name of Butler—his idea being that the exercise of lifting, properly regulated, can be made a very efficient means of promoting health, and of curing various diseases.

Dr. Butler supposes that a proper course of lifting will not only promote the improvement of the muscular system, but of the internal organs, such as the liver, lungs, and stomach.

The patient is made to stand upright, the weight to be lifted being suspended from a thin iron bar which passes between the legs, one hand grasping said bar in front of, and the other hand behind the body. This is in order to prevent the bending of the back, and the consequent danger of a sprain.

The amount lifted is carefully proportioned to the strength of the patient, and after each lift he is required to recline for a certain length of time on a lounge. Thus during a usual half-hour's exercise, three lifts are made, with intervals of rest of nearly ten minutes on an average—the length of the rest increasing each time.

These "Health Lifts," we believe, are tolerably well supported, and can produce their lists of patients who are ready to testify to the good that has been done them.

The Rev. Mr. Beecher, we understand, patronizes the "Lift" in Brooklyn, and says that he has derived great benefit therefrom.

There are departments also for ladies in these "Health Lifts," but we learn that they are not so well patronized as the gentlemen's department. One lady superintendent gave us as a reason, that "ladies are not as sensible as gentlemen." Of course we recoil from such an assertion as this with a degree of holy horror. Probably the true reason is that ladies are not so strong physically as gentlemen, and do not take so naturally to muscular exercise. Again, the "Health Lifts" may have omitted to put the assertion properly before the ladies, that lifting is good for the complexion, while it will not injure the shape of the hands.

One very powerful claim is made however for female support. It is said that while the practice of regular lifting will increase the size of a lady who is too thin for beauty, it will decrease in a rapid ratio the size of those who are too plump. One fleshy lady it is averred lost eight pounds in a few weeks!

Although we believe there are now seven or eight "Health Lifts" in existence, we have none as yet in Philadelphia. But the wave of progress in this respect, doubtless will soon flow down in this direction. A great city like Philadelphia should have everything, wise or foolish, that is going. Who, therefore, will inaugurate a "Health Lift" among us?

HOMES AND PARENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE HENRI.

There is no fairer or lovelier sight on earth than that of a happy home; and none sadder than that of an unhappy one. Be it humble, or be it sumptuous, if Peace and Joy reign therein, the best blessing God can bestow upon His creatures He has vouchsafed to the inmates of that abode.

How often we enter homes which are homes in the word only; where the heart and soul seem starving for light, and sunshine, and sympathy, and the place which should be the dearest spot on Earth to those who call it home, seems to hold for them no charm. And why? Parents, ask yourselves; ye who upreared, who have ruled and held sway over that domain, ah! can you for one moment stand in doubt of where the trouble lies? Have you been true to your trust? Have you ever thought how much of the future happiness and prosperity of your children depend upon the influence with which you surround their early love?

The remembrance in after years of a loving, true, and faithful mother, a kind and appreciating father, blended with that of a happy home, will be a better thing to them than the inheritance of broad lands and shining gold. Ye who have around your fireside youthful faces, think you for one moment; *now* your children are with you; they have not yet gone from the reach of your care and protection, and you know not what awaits them over the threshold of home which they must some day cross. There maybe for them much of sunshine and joy, many roses and few thorns, and there *may* be for them much of sorrow, and grief, and suffering. While you have it in your power to prevent, let not neglect and pain come to them.

Nothing in later years can atone for a cheerless childhood. My heart has ached sometimes for children who seem never to meet with a mother's tender, loving sympathy, and a father's kind, unremitting care. Parents, you owe all this to your children. If you render it not to them, in after years if you see them other than you would have them to be; if they fail to be noble men and women; if they fail to render to you the kindness and consideration the relation you sustain to them warrants you in expecting, is not the blame attributable to yourselves? If the influence of a good home, wise and careful training, you failed to bestow upon them, murmur not if they fail to possess what that influence would have brought to them. When I see a wrecked man or a ruined woman my mind always reverts to their childood. I always wonder if their parents *were* parents to them indeed; if in youth they were taught in the ways of honor and uprightness, and surrounded by purity; if the holy and sweet elements of their natures were expanded and developed, and the evil stifled and controlled by watchful, loving care. I think if the right answer could come to me, it would in almost every instance be to the contrary. If I could look back through the bygone years and see them in their childhood, I should see their greatest needs neglected, and see them lacking that which is the duty of every father and mother to bestow upon their children: sympathy, and kindness, and love, and wise and careful restraint, and wiser and more careful indulgence, and a home whose atmosphere is sunshine and cheerfulness.

Thousands of parents lose sight of all that might make their homes abodes of joy and contentment, in pursuit of that which rusteth and fadeth away. Wealth is a good thing, and a thing to be desired, if it be not purchased at the expense of higher and nobler things. Many fail in their first and highest duty to their children in striving to horde up for their use a few paltry dollars. What a sad mistake. A thousand times more will your children have cause to be thankful to you if you pay more attention to their souls' needs, and less to those of their bodies. A far better prospect of happiness has the child who goes out into the world without a dollar in his pocket, but with a loving father's fervent blessing, and a dear mother's heartfelt kiss and remembered love and kindness, than has one who goes with a well filled pocket, and a heart that has never known the blessed influence of a happy home, and the untiring care, love and admonitions of dearly cherished parents.

I have seen fathers and mothers grieved and sorrowful because their sons and daughters yielded not to them the love and respect that as a right they expected. But how can you expect to receive what you have not earned, or to reap what you have not sown? If you cannot, by your words and acts, command respect and love, you cannot enforce them. If you have given your sons and daughters no cause to honor you, merely the fact of their bearing a relation to you which calls for it, is not sufficient of itself to make them render it. You may love your children fondly and devotedly, you may have desired their highest good, but you have not labored for it. A certain selfish desire to have your own ease, or to shirk responsibility, has caused you to leave the formation of their characters almost wholly to circumstances, or to their own hands; and if they chance to grow to be noble men and women, and worthy of your fond pride and admiration, they certainly cannot thank you for it; and if they grow to be unworthy, and bring you shame, they certainly can *blame* you for it.

From your childrens' earliest infancy strive to understand them; to know their natural inclinations; encourage all that is noble and aspiring about them, and help them to become all that they are capable of becoming, and give to them a home whose atmosphere is pure and sunny; and your hearts will be filled with gladness when you are permitted to behold the result of your labors. Neglect all this, and you lay up for yourselves sorrow and suffering.

VALUE OF ACCURACY.

It is the result of every day's experience, that steady attention to matters of detail, lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy also is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done, for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half-do ten times as much. Yet, in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again, and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation and trouble.

Sunrise on Mountain and Valley.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

Awake, Oh man! and gaze upon God's handiwork!

Mark what a glory is upon the mountains as the great luminary flings open his gates, and issues forth, like a king, to smile upon his subjects.

See! beneath his kindling glance each peak receives a princely gem upon its coronet, and the dark clouds break and flee before his power.

Summit smiles upon summit; each towering rock flings abroad its banner,—a loyal peer yielding homage to its liege lord.

And now the radiance flows downward. The broad-pinioned eagle darts from her nest with a cry of joy; the chamois springs from his moss-grown couch, and lightly bounds from cliff to cliff; the frail flower, shrinking from the wreathed snow, is glad at heart; drooping evergreens catch the life-giving beams within their curdling veins, and are thankful for the Heaven-sent boon.

The mountain torrent, broken from its birth, and never knowing rest, flashes grandly amidst its turmoil, while amid the bewildering clefts, yon rude cross, placed there (a fit emblem,) to guide the wanderer, glows and beams in the joyful light.

And now mark the ruddy beams smiling upon the roof of yonder cottage, so long wrapped in the darkness of night.

And the peaceful brook,—how merrily it welcomes the approaching day, with a laugh on each dancing wave, and its soft, murmuring song!

The stately oak, stretching forth his arms like a giant sentinel, catches the glimmering rays on his green helmet, that man may see all his glory. In the thicket a merry chirp is heard, as from the wood lark's nest, and the little songsters all about us, trill forth their morning hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

The denizens of the poultry yard, too, flock clamorously to the cottage door, waiting eagerly for their accustomed repast.

The thrifty bee, awakened in its hive by the warming rays of the sun, whirrs far away in its daily search of the flowers.

The dog frisks and bounds through the fields, as his master lays low the dewy grass.

All nature rejoices; and thus from her sublime throne, would she teach her pupil—man—to receive with thankfulness God's precious gift of the morn, of sunrise.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

After making my best bow and exchanging the compliments of the day, let me look over my little vocabulary of subjects, and determine, if possible, the proper point upon which to touch in commencing an accurate description of the fashions of our best society as they stand to-day.

Such worlds of things! Such mountains of styles! Such oceans of names! Really, it is a sweet and pleasant thing to be a woman! For be she young or be she old, handsome or ugly, she expects to have all there is, to take advantage of every style as it appears, and if it proves unbecoming, weeps at the thought.

BONDAGE?

Certainly, but then, like being in love, it is a sweet slavery.

BONNETS,

from the time of Eve (I imagine) have been the one important item of the feminine outfit; a new one with every season is a necessity. The old "suit" may be sponged up and retrimmed, but the bonnet will accept of no such compromise.

The new ones of this season do not differ very materially from the shapes of the summer; they are if anything a little higher over the forehead, while the inevitable rolled back brim is a trifle more pronounced, and in some instances there is in the general make-up a tendency to greater softness and closeness, the present arrangement of the hair rendering the latter possible. Cap crowns are frequently seen, and sometimes an insinuation of a cape, two facts pointing toward a return to former styles. For young people with their marvellously arranged locks it does not matter so much, but the fashion falls like a benediction on the heads of the old ladies who for the last three years have gone bonnetless waiting for something they could look respectable in. As a rule bonnets this season match the suit with which they are worn, while the trimmings should correspond or be in pretty contrast to the necktie, gloves, etc.; this brings colored velvets into use again. Black velvet bonnets with trimmings of the color of the suits are fashionable for street wear, while for evening we see them enlivened with facings of pink faille, and feathers and ribbons of the same tint. The new shade of blue, so beautiful by gaslight, enters largely also into the trimming of evening bonnets. The loosely falling "brides" of last year are seldom seen; a prettier style has taken its place; the strings are now tied beneath the chin in a modest bow, or crossed and secured with a tiny brooch with pearl or ruby setting.

ROUND HATS

are quite too convenient to be lightly discarded; and although every season brings the rumor that they must "hide their diminished heads," they are now, it will be observed, holding them higher than ever. The "Turban" with another story added—a Mansard, attic, or something of that kind—and trimmed high with pompons of velvet, feathers, and flowers, is excessively popular with all who can wear it; but unfortunately it is only becoming to rather small faces; and even then, there must be a corresponding something in the general air and manner of the wearer to give the pretty effect desired.

The "English walking hat," though why it it might not with equal propriety have been called the "Spanish riding hat," I'm sure I don't know, is a high-crowned brigandish-looking-affair, rolled up at the sides in a villainous sort of a way, while a long feather and loops of ribbon form the trimming. It has altogether a kind of Don Carlos appearance—if anybody knows what that is—and when seen by itself, without the aid and assistance of a pretty face, is awfully suggestive of the Circus and Nat Austin. It is not a pretty hat, but it has its points, and there are types of beauty that are irresistible in it—and I do not allude to the pretty faces that nothing can spoil, either.

The "Sailor" hat, another popular style, made its appearance in the summer, and was always of white or brown straw, but it has been reproduced in felt and velvet. It is decidedly youthful in appearance, and has a sort of a "Heave ahead, my Hearty," air about it, and a general expression of abandon and don't-care-a-tiveness that does not harmonize with a meek, pensive, or even thoughtful face. Of course there are people, and plenty of them, who can see no incongruity in anything—and who, with the aid of a microscope, would fail to discover any individuality about a hat anyway. These are the ones who would have crape made up into "Sailor hats," and then wear them to the funeral of their dearest friend; but the corpse that wouldn't rise up at such a spectacle, would have to be pretty dead.

The three styles mentioned will be the leading ones for the Winter—they are equally fashionable, and "pays your money and you takes your choice."

Flowers are not used in trimming, they having been entirely superseded by feathers, which, in every hue, and kind, and grade, confront you at every step. Heavy grosgrain ribbon of whatever shade desired, also enter largely into trimmings, and conjoined with facings and bindings of velvet are neat and tasteful.

HAIR DRESSING

in all its elaboration continues its carnival, and which would seem hardly yet to have reached its height. There was a rumor some time since that false hair was to be discarded, and that we should again see the graceful contour of the female head undisguised by pads and "rats," and Pompadour rolls and Grecian curls—a report that the mite-y chignon was to be done away with, and that natural hair, the soft locks, the crowning glory of woman should be left to fall in Madonna-like beauty, or be twisted into the classic knot at the base of a shapely head. To this end a half dozen reformers, with a perfect cataract of natural hair, shook out their tresses, expecting to be followed by a multitude of fashion-trodden sisters; but alas! for the vanity of human expectations. The exemplars were by too far too favored by nature. The attempt was a dead failure. Not one head in fifty could there be found where curling iron and crimping pin had not effectually done its work—and a woman is not going to place her defects on exhibition so long as fashion will cover them. And yet the attempt was not without its good results—a mania for something of natural appearance has taken possession of the feminine mind. They like, if they are youthful, to wander forth with a wilderness of loosely flowing locks enveloping them like a cloud—they like to hear the passers-by exclaim: "What magnificent hair!" and never dream that "I wonder where she bought it," is added sotto voce. They like to have long braids depending, tied with little bows of blue or scarlet, and to fancy that the people immediately following are dying with envy, as perhaps they are, for so skillfully do they braid in the "switches" of the present day, that the most acute observer can scarcely tell where nature ends and art begins. And those little frizzes, that dance and wave and smile in the face of every beholder, and would by their grace and beauty warm the heart of the Cardiff giant. "We are natural," is whispered in every ripple, and in saucy freedom they seem to defy you to say and prove that they grew not upon the pretty head they now adorn. But take care! Those bewitching rings of golden hair are secured by pins innumerable, those beautiful braids are taken off at night, and those cloud-like tresses that sport and frolic with the wanton wind cost their wearer anywhere from fifty to one hundred dollars.

Seriously, *chignons* are not fashionable. Curls and braids and frizzes and Pompadour roll over the forehead are. The French twist at the back of the head, framed in a heavy braid, is the latest and at present most *distingue* of all styles.

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the impatient reader, "talked all this time, and still on heads." Beg pardon! But really the woman of the period is such a complicated creature that one must travel slowly to get to their journey's end safely and satisfactorily. But, having "put a head on her," with your kind permission we will defer farther remarks until another week, when other portions of the costume will be taken up and commented upon in true regulation style; and till then I am

Yours, truly, OLIVE KING.

NIAGARA.

Niagara is almost abandoned to bridal couples, and any one out of his honey-moon is, in some degree, an alien there, and must discern a certain immodesty in his intrusion. Is it for his profane eyes to look upon all that blushing and trembling joy? A man of any sensibility must desire to veil his face, and, bowing his excuses to the collective rapture, take the first train for the wicked outside world to which he belongs. Everywhere he sees brides and brides. Three or four, with the benediction still upon them, come down in the same car with him; he hands her travelling shawl after one as she springs from the omnibus into her husband's arms; there are two or three walking back and forth with their new lords upon the porch of the hotel; at supper they are on every side of him, and he feels himself suffused, as it were, by a roseate atmosphere of youth, and love, and hope. At breakfast it is the same, and then, in all his wanderings about the place, he encounters them. They are of all manners of beauty, fair and dark, slender and plump, tall and short; but they are all beautiful with the radiance of loving and being loved. Now, if ever in their lives, they are charmingly dressed, and ravishing toilets take the willing eye from the objects of interest. How high the heels of the pretty boots; how small the tender-tinted gloves; how electrical the flutter of the snowy skirts! What is Niagara to these things?

* * * * * *

The place perpetually renews itself in the glow of love as long as the summer lasts. The moon which is elsewhere so often of wormwood, or of the ordinary green cheese, at the best, is of lucent honey there from the first of June to the last of October; and this is a great charm in Niagara. I think with tenderness of all the lives that have opened so fairly there; the hopes that have reigned in the glad young hearts; the measureless tide of joy that ebbs and flows with the arriving and departing trains. Elsewhere there are carking cares of business and of fashion, there are age, and sorrow, and heartbreak; but here only youth, faith, rapture. I kiss my hand to Niagara for that reason, and would I were a poet for a quarter of an hour.—*W. D. Howells.*

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

You think you love the man who is coming this Sunday night to visit you! And he acts as if he loves you! Suppose he declares himself, and asks you to be his wife. Are you prepared to say to him, "I love and will trust you through life with my happiness, and the lives and weal of our children?"

He is jolly, gay and handsome, and all the darts of Cupid are twinkling in his eyes, but will those eyes always find expression from the love of a true soul?

To-night he says many pleasant things, and draws pretty pictures for the future.

Does he go to-morrow to work which gives promise of the fulfillment of your desires in life?

Do his ambitions and achievements satisfy you?

Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man?

If you think, and desire a companion in your thinking—one who can unlock the deepest depths of your mind—to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality?

Is he doing all he can to build up future usefulness and happiness, in which you can share and feel blessed?

These are the questions which the experiences of after years make many women weep in bitterness of soul that they had not thought of before they answered "Yes."

☞ An exchange says the grapes on Long Island are so coarse that their skins are used to cover old umbrella-frames. We don't believe it.

THE BIBLE:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

No. 27.

EAGLES.

We read in Deut. xxxii. 11: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him." (Israel.)

This beautiful figure obviously refers to the patient attempts of the parent eagle to teach her young to fly, and her coming to their rescue if their unaccustomed strength or energy should fail on their first attempt at independent flight. There are many current stories that represent the female eagle as throwing from her nest all the eggs but one, which she hatches; and others, that she hatches several, but destroys the most voracious of her brood. These things may occur occasionally, as with other birds, but they are by no means the general rule. On the contrary, it is a well ascertained fact that the mother bird's usual habit is to rear more than one eaglet, and that she is most tender and kind to her young. But though attentive to their wants and ever mindful of their safety while they are too helpless to provide for themselves—always feeding them before eating her own appetite, and shielding them from harm even at the cost of her life—yet she never encourages indolence or cowardice by keeping them in the nest after they are strong enough to go forth and seek their own maintenance. She rouses her little ones early to exertion, and warmly encourages their first feeble efforts to leave the nest, watches and directs their motions, and when assured that their powers are sufficiently matured she takes them, one or two at a time, upon her own back, and, soaring aloft, throws them off in the higher regions of the air, that they may be compelled to self-exertion. The mother eagle does not, however, yet abandon her offspring, but hovers near to watch their inexperienced flight, and if she perceives that, either from timidity or insufficient strength, they are unable to maintain their position, with surprising dexterity she flies under them and receives them on her wings to prevent their fall. From this loving care of the mother-bird for her young in their helpless infancy, and her careful training as they reach maturity, the text quoted above borrows its beautiful imagery of God's kindness to his chosen people, the Hebrews; his pity for them in the low estate to which they had fallen, and the means He was using to elevate them to a higher intellectual and moral condition. "As the eagle stirreth up her brood," so He would rouse the Israelites from their culpable indolence. "As she fluttereth over her young," so would He incite his people to try their unaccustomed faculties, and as she "spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," assisting their first feeble attempts to fly, until, stimulated by her example and encouraged by the success of their first efforts, they plunge boldly into the air, exulting in hitherto unknown strength, and return to the nest of infancy no more; so would God bear his chosen ones forward to ultimate and glorious triumph over every opposing obstacle. And as the eagle in her flight so shields her offspring from danger that the weapon of the fowler cannot harm the eaglet till it has passed through the body of the mother-bird, so do all the glorious attributes of the infinite Jehovah stand in the way of any who would harm His chosen ones, and *only through Him* can they be reached.

There are many passages in the Scriptures where *the flight* of the eagle is spoken of as the synonym of swiftness. Thus in Deut. xxviii. 49, God threatens to punish the disobedience of the Jews, by bringing against them a far-off nation "as swift as the eagle flieth;" and in the vision of Jeremiah, chap. iv, 13, the march of Nebuchadnezzar is graphically described by the words: "Behold he shall come up as clouds, and his chariots shall be as a whirlwind. His horses are swifter than eagles."

The shepherd-king of Israel, in his affecting lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, says of their rapid and impetuous career, "They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions." 2d Sam. i: 23. To the *wide extent of the eagle's wings*, when outspread to their utmost capacity, as in flying rapidly through the air, the prophet Jeremiah beautifully alludes in his description of the desolations of Moab and Ammon, by the conquering forces of Nebuchadnezzar: "Behold he shall fly as an eagle, and spread his wings over Moab." Jer. xlviii: 40; and again in the following chapter. The Chaldean armies also are described by Daniel, Habakkuk, and Jeremiah, as having *eagles' wings*, and being "swift as eagles," in consequence of the speed with which they overran and destroyed the nations; while the conquering monarchs of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon are likened to eagles, for the strength of their despotisms, and the ravenous oppression, ravage and murder of the nations they conquered. Hosea viii. 1, and Ezek. xvii. 3—7.

Job uses the same comparison to indicate the shortness of life and the rapid flight of time. "My days are passed away as the eagle that hasteth to the prey." Job ix. 26; and Solomon, in like manner, depicts the transitory nature of riches and the surprising rapidity with which earthly blessings vanish from the grasp of the possessor: "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." Prov. xxiii. 5. The flight of this bird is as *sublime* as it is rapid and impetuous. None of the feathered tribe soar so high. In his daring excursions he is said to leave the clouds of heaven and the regions of thunder, lightning and tempest far beneath him, and to approach the very limits of the etherial regions. There are several allusions in the prophets to this lofty soaring, as that concerning Edom: "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." Obad. iv. And the prophecy is repeated in nearly the same words in Jer xlix. 16. The *voracity* of the eagle is so great, that a large extent of territory is needed to afford the requisite supply of food. It is for this reason a solitary bird—two pairs seldom being found in the same neighborhood, though the genus is dispersed throughout every quarter of our globe. It is probably on account of this unsocial disposition, not less than for security, that the eagle rears his habitation on lofty mountains and inaccessible rocks. These peculiar traits of the king of birds, as well as his great strength and quick, piercing sight, are glowingly depicted by Job in chap. xxxix. 27—30. From the *last* line of this quotation, "Wherever is slaughter, there is he," seems to be drawn the beautiful figure of our Lord: "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together"—that is, wherever the Jewish people, who were morally and judicially dead, might be, there would the Roman armies, whose standard was an eagle, and whose strength and fierceness resembled this voracious bird—there would they pursue and destroy the rebellious people. Or wherever the guilty are, however intermingled with the good, divine justice with eagle eye will not fail to search them out as objects of His vengeance.

It is remarkable that Cyrus, compared in Is. xlvi: 11. to an eagle, or "ravenous bird," as our translators have it, should have had an eagle for his ensign. This, Xenophon informs us was the case, and the correspondence between the accounts of the prophet and the historian—the prediction and the event—is perfect. Xenophon and other ancient historians, likewise relate that the golden eagle, with extended wings, was the ensign of the monarchs of Persia, long before its adoption by the Romans; and it may be, that the Persians borrowed the symbol from Assyria, on whose banners it waved till imperial Babylon bowed her head to the yoke of Cyrus.

There is one species of this king of birds, called by Bruce "the golden eagle," that he describes as having the crown of the head perfectly bald, as is also the front where the bill and skull join. To this particular species the prophet Micah probably alludes, in chap. i: 16. "Make thee bald, and pole thee for thy delicate children; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle; for they are gone into captivity from thee." It was usual for the *crown* of the head to be shaved as a token of mourning on any ordinary occasion, but in view of this special visitation of God's retributive justice, they were directed to *enlarge* their baldness, or extend it over the entire head, in token of penitential abasement.

We still find among all Oriental nations, the shaving of the head to be one of the chief symbols of mourning.

The eagle lives and retains its vigor to a great age, and it is said by some naturalists that it does not ordinarily die of either old age or sickness, but of *starvation, in consequence of the beak becoming so hooked by age, that food cannot be taken.* Be this as it may, it is certain that the eagle, after each moulting, becomes so invigorated, that it may be said, figuratively, to "renew its youth," and take out as it were, a new lease of life. Hence the touching allusion of the royal Psalmist in reviewing God's mercies toward himself: "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Ps. ciii: 5, and also that of the prophet Is. xl: 31. "They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

Most precious promises, as well as very pertinent allusions when viewed in connection with the peculiar and striking characteristics of this king of the feathered tribe.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

A great defect in our system of Education is, that in most of our schools we attempt to do too much, and to go over too much ground in the limited time devoted to school life; therefore the elementary branches are neglected, and the foundations of a good education are superficially laid. The ornamental and higher branches of study, as they are called, have peculiar charms for the teacher and the pupil, and the child's progress is often measured, not by his thorough knowledge of elementary principles, but by the number of advanced studies he has pursued. Our Public Schools are not intended to supply the place of universities, or take a very broad survey of the whole field of human knowledge. They are rather preparatory, to provide for the people those elements of knowledge everywhere essential in the journey of life, and to point the sure way to future attainments.

When a young man can read, and spell, and write, and reckon well, he has a good education; it would be difficult to find any higher or more useful attainment in the whole realm of study. Without these, any great proficiency in learning is impossible; with them, the way is open to the broadest and most comprehensive acquirements. They should be made the first and great aim through the entire course of school education, and the committees and teachers of all our schools, and especially the High schools, should feel and understand that if these are neglected or omitted, their most important duties are unperformed.

EUGENIE.

The Empress Eugenie, who is now in Spain, her native land, is thus described by one who had an interview with her. She looked, what Tennyson calls "divinely fair," but as one who has suffered much. There was a worn, weary look inexpressibly pathetic in her eyes, just touched under the lower lids with black; her cheeks were thin and very pale; her fair hair simply arranged low on the neck behind, drawn back at the sides and with curls on the forehead, and it was her own hair—distinctly and palpably her own. Her dress was of black paramata, self-trimmed, with a small tunic, and a general look of scantiness about it. She wore a little white shirt collar and cuffs, and not a single jewel, save one diamond star that held the little collar. Her manner suits her imperial presence, simple, courteous, earnest. It is as of a ready-witted woman, sweet-tempered, full of human interest and feelings, impressionable, mobile, fascinating; emphasizing all she says with her grandly-cut Spanish eyes, that might almost, indeed, stand her in lieu of speech, so eloquently do they converse. There is a wonderful and varied charm about her, Cleopatra-like, that neither age nor custom can wither or stale. To see how the woman struggled with the Empress, and how it brought her down to claim sympathy and pity from a solitary stranger was very touching. Decorum alone kept the tears from my eyes.

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, Oct. 5, 1871.]

H. PETERSON & Co. celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by an enlargement in the size of the paper of one-third, and a complete new dress of type. THE POST is now the oldest of the family newspapers, and its popularity is a matter of city pride.

[From the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Oct. 5, 1871.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and well-established weekly journal, which has always been held in high estimation by reason of the pure and refined tone of its contents, completed the fiftieth year of its existence in August last. By way of celebrating the event the publishers, H. Peterson & Co., Walnut street, determined to enlarge its dimensions by one-third. The necessary arrangements having been made, the paper is issued for the current week in its enlarged form. It is now one of the largest as well as one of the best weeklies published in the country.

[From the Phila. *North American and United States Gazette*, Oct. 6, 1871.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of this city for the 7th instant, having completed its semi-centennial in August, comes out enlarged one-third and in a new dress. It furnishes an abstract of its creditable career from the beginning, and promises to continue that pure and refined literature that it has always provided. THE POST is a sterling sheet in its province, and may be taken into the family with confidence that while much pleasure and instruction will be furnished by it, nothing of an injurious or merely sensational nature will accompany and degrade it.

THE famous Milan Cathedral is undoubtedly the most beautiful edifice in the world. That is the testimony of all travellers. It is not finished, though begun five hundred years ago. It has cost thus far about one hundred million dollars. It contains solid silver statues of the Virgin and various Saints, valued at fifty million francs. The remains of St. Charles Borromeo lie buried in it in a sarcophagus of transparent crystal. The relics literally sparkle with *gems* and gold. The saint was really an *humble, self-sacrificing man, and endeared himself to the people of Milan during a terrible plague, by his care for the sick.*

POUR LIVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY E. MARGARET STARR.

We sat in the light of the dying day,
Harold, Johnnie, Allie, and I,
Watching the sunset flush and fade
Over the earth and sky,
Watching the bars of purple and gold,
Grow deeper, then fade, then die.

Harold was tall, and dark, and proud,
His face was bronzed by the Indian sun,
And on his bosom he wore a star,
The jeweled badge that his sword had won—
For he was a soldier, and this was a prize
From the hand of his king for service done.

And John was a soldier too, but he fought
Under a banner of spotless white,
His legion of honor, the sign of the Cross—
The leader he followed, the Prince of Light.
His sword was the word of the living God—
His armor a faith that was strong and bright.

Allie was something—I do not know what—
Fairy—darling—baby or queen—
A pleading child that crept into your heart—
A haughty woman as ever was seen.
And we all three loved her, and loved her well,
But John loved her best of us all, I ween.

And I was deformed—I never had walked,
A helpless thing from my natal hour,
My pen was my fortune—no broad estate—
No wealth or title to give me power.
I had only a poet's glorious dreams—
Only a poet's priceless dower.

I told you we loved her, and Harold sued first,
Kneeling to offer his knightly name,
And his grand old castle beside the Rhine,
His unsullied honor, his hard earned fame—
His heart that was pure as a man's could be—
All pride could have asked—or love could claim.

But Allie said "No," and Harold went out
With a look of pain in his fierce dark eye,
Like that of an eagle, wounded, that soars
Away to its home on the cliff to die.
And he fell on a foreign battle-field,
Where legions grew pale at his battle cry.

And John asked her next, but she answered the same,
And he kissed her, and blessed her that cruel day,
We saw him no more till he stood on the deck
Of a ship that lay rocked on the breast of the bay.
Now, tropical vines tangle over his grave,
And ocean waves break round his dust far away.

I would not speak—what was I that might dare
To rush where the angels feared to tread?
I only looked down at my palsied limbs
And bitterly wished in my heart I was dead.
I almost cursed fate, that she gave me a form
No woman living would wish to wed.

Then Allie came in, in her quiet way,
And knelt with her arms crossed over my knee,
While I smoothed the mass of her golden hair,
And thought "she can never be aught to me."
So we sat there in silence, and both looked out
On the troubled waves of the storm-tossed sea.

Then—I hardly know how, but she caught my hand
And 'twas covered with kisses again and again,
Passionate kisses—while broken words
Burst from her lips, as from one in pain,
And tears poured over her crimson cheeks,
Like the short lived torrents of April rain.

I could scarcely believe, when I understood
What it really was that the action meant,
Then I tenderly gathered her up in my arms,
Where she sobbed like the storm when its strength is spent,
And I said, with a reverent awe in the words,
"What have I done that this blessing is sent?"

BASHFUL NELLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LETTICE THORPE.

Nell Gladdon was painfully, fearfully shy. How she had ever dared take part in a private play, was the wonder of all her friends; and indeed her heart did fail her several times after she had given her consent, but her love and natural taste for the drama were so decided, that talent carried the day, and forced her diffidence to succumb. Then, too, although so very timid, she had her own share of personal vanity, and realized perfectly that her beauty would appear to wonderful advantage in the showy stage dress she intended to wear.

Lydia Languish was the part assigned to the young lady, and conscientiously she studied it. She stormed round the house, laughing, crying, shrieking, until her mother became convinced that *she*, if not Nell, would go raving crazy. So then the young debutant thus herself up in her own room, and apostrophized chairs, tables, bed-posts, &c.—as "Beverly, her adored Beverly," going through the thrilling paroxysms of love, anger, and despair, with the most thorough *abandon*,—and fancying at last, that the talent of all the Kembles, Cushmans, &c., were united in her one frail, little person.

But when she came to attend the first rehearsal, she found, to her dismay, that making love to a door-handle, and enacting the same with a dashing young man, who met her far more than half way, were two very different things; and she was so desperately frightened, that she mumbled her sentences all to herself, and could not raise her eyes from the floor; and when it came to the stage-embrace, so rigorously set down in the books, she turned red and pale all in a moment—and was, in truth, so thoroughly scared, that the gay young fellow, who personated Captain Absolute, was quite discouraged, and whispered to some one near him—

"What in the world am I to do with this frightened baby? I would just as soon make love to a jointed doll."

Little Nell happened to hear this stage-aside, and it roused all her naughty temper—for she was no saint, if she was shy. She brought down her tiny foot with an emphasis, and clenched her dainty white hand, and vowed she would do her part, or die.

So at the next meeting young Harry Willoughby was both surprised and pleased to see his pretty Lydia wake up, and act with considerable spirit—and although she could not manage quite yet to keep the long lashes from hiding her soft, blue eyes, yet she looked so pretty all the time, that he began to think the frightened baby was not so bad after all; and after one or two rehearsals, became quite impatient for the scene to come, in which he was allowed to put his audacious arm around her graceful little figure, extending the privilege a good deal longer than was necessary, Nell thought.

The night of the play, she looked lovely as a Houri, in a rose-colored silk, with her hair falling in soft curls about her face, and Mr. Willoughby was so anxious to have that one interesting scene go off well, that he insisted upon rehearsing it a dozen times, in sundry odd corners. He drew her into the kitchen, at last, but that was already occupied, Sir Lucius and Bob Acres fencing over the cooking-stove, and Falkland repeating tender apostrophes to Julia, perched upon the kitchen-table. So then Harry drew his companion in the store-room, and there, amid a congenial row of pans, pots, and kettles, they rehearsed their scene.

"I think, Miss Nelly," said the saucy young fellow, "that we should take our positions here, as if about to waltz."

"But I never waltz, you know," was the innocent reply.

Harry bit his lip, and proceeded to demonstrate the position more accurately as he inquired, "Don't you think it would be more effective at this point if I were to kiss you?"

"It is not down in the book," she said, demurely.

"But don't you think it would be an improvement?" persisted the unblushing youth.

"No, I do not think so at all," she exclaimed, looking prettier than ever with her crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes. So Harry meekly apologized, and concluded that Nelly's simplicity was not so easily imposed upon after all.

The young girl made a great hit as Lydia. She found that playing before a good-natured audience was less trying than a rehearsal in the midst of critical companions, and the excitement took away all her timidity, excepting just enough to render her more pleasing and pretty. She received a number of bouquets, and young Willoughby, who shared her triumphs somewhat, felt very proud of his fair Lydia, and in the dance that followed was evidently inclined to monopolize her entirely. It was Nell's first triumph in society, and she enjoyed the *eclat* of being a belle. But still more did she appreciate the devotion of the aforesaid gentleman. She had never forgiven him for calling her a baby, and was waiting quietly for an opportunity to have her revenge. It was not long before such an opportunity presented itself.

After the first play had been performed several times, the actors were so well pleased with their success that another one was proposed, "The Love Chase," and to Nelly the dashing role of Constance was assigned. This time, however, the lover's part was not given to Harry, but to another equally handsome and fascinating gentleman, who seemed to fully appreciate the young lady's charms, and who in her turn now developed some quite new and startling traits. She was absolutely growing coquettish, and Harry, who evidently thought she had no right to make love to any one but himself, became outrageously jealous, and showed it so plainly that the mischievous girl flirted for his benefit entirely, and the way she made those long sweeping lashes of hers do their duty was very amusing and most captivating to behold.

The young man grew more and more unreasonable and sensitive, and was even annoyed to see Constance box Wildrake's ears, she did it in such a deprecating way, as if it really went very much against her heart to treat the gallant gentleman so roughly, for the jealous Harry would willingly have allowed her to box his own ears all day, if by such means he could have kept her entirely to himself. His ill-humor increased at every rehearsal, and one evening he said to her, "I believe you enjoy this play better than the other."

"I enjoy it as well, certainly," she replied. "I am getting all over my stage fright, you know."

"Wonderfully," he said, in a sarcastic voice. "Mr. Limon must be a most delightful person to play with. Of course that has something to do with it?"

"Yes, there is not much pleasure in playing with sticks."

"Mr. Limon is a very fine actor."

"Splendid!" was the enthusiastic assent.

"And he seems to appreciate Miss Gladdon's performance."

"He does not call me a frightened baby, anyway," replied Nelly, imitating the tone of her lover.

Poor Harry looked quite confounded, and without saying another word, walked away. Then Nelly's heart sank, and she reproached herself bitterly for her unkind words, but she was too proud to show her regret, and so continued her flirtation with Mr. Limon as gayly as ever. She kept watch, however, of Harry in a very sly way, and chancing to meet him alone in the hall, summoned all her courage to her aid, ran up to him, and laying her hand upon his arm said,

"Forgive me, won't you? I do not care if you did call me a frightened baby. I only said that to tease you a little."

He looked at the little white hand upon his arm, and then at the pretty, eager face, and he certainly would have done something very startling to Nelly if they had not been interrupted. She drew her hand quickly away and ran off, but it made her blush like a rose whenever she recalled Harry's look.

"The course of true love" in this case was destined to verify the correctness of the quotation, for when Harry asked that night for the pleasure of escorting Nelly home, she was obliged to plead a previous engagement with Mr. Limon. Now the latter gentleman was about as completely bewitched with the young lady as Willoughby himself, so what must he do that evening but tell her so in plain words, and beg her to be his wife. It was her first offer, and consequently a momentous affair, and she was so much surprised and bewildred, that she had not a word to say for herself, and as silence is always supposed to infer consent, the gentleman naturally interpreted it in that way, and kissing her when they separated, called her his darling Nelly. She ran up to her room, and found her sister still awake, who exclaimed upon seeing her—"Why, Nelly, what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Oh, Celia, it is awful!" she gasped. "Mr. Limon wants me to marry him."

Here the unfeeling Celia went off into a fit of laughter that bade fair to last all night, but at last she controlled herself, and said,

"Why, you unmitigated little goose! What is there so awful in that? *I* should call it splendid. So handsome, and talented, and rich. He is rich, you little dummy, do you hear?"

"But he thinks I like it, and he kissed me right on my mouth, and called me his darling. I wish I had never seen him!"

"Why, I thought you liked him. What did you flirt so for?"

"*Was that* flirting? I only did it to tease Harry."

"*To tease Harry!* Oh, indeed! Well, my dear, you have got yourself into a nice little scrape. Engaged to one man, but in love with another. I had no idea that my little sister could ever behave in such an unprincipled manner." Then seeing Nelly's look of genuine distress, the young lady relented, saying, "No matter, dear, do not look so downhearted about it. Tell me the whole story, and I will help you all I can. *I* am used to such things, you know; but *you*." And here she went off into another paroxysm of uncontrollable laughter. Again controlling herself she said, "Now, little one, let me hear all about it."

Nelly did as directed, making the earnest request that Celia would not betray her confidence. She did not sleep much that night, and in the morning her head ached badly, so that her sister advised her to remain in bed. "I will see Mr. Limon," she said, "when he calls, and explain it all."

Nelly repeated the story to her mother, who consoled her, saying—"You need not marry the gentleman unless you choose, dear—Celia will explain it to him."

"But he will feel badly, mamma, he seems to like me so much.

"*Of* course, Nelly, but he will get over it. Are you sure that Mr. Willoughby cares for you?"

"Yes, mother," she said, the bright color rushing to her cheeks, and a few minutes afterwards, a note was handed to her from that very gentleman, telling of his love and devotion. She cried over it, as if her heart would break.

"And now," she moaned, "that other man thinks that I belong to him. I never will flirt again as long as I live."

When Mr. Limon called, Celia did as she had promised. She was not at all reluctant to make the gentleman's acquaintance, being very much pleased with his manners and appearance, still she had the uncomfortable feeling we always have when about to perform an ungracious duty. She was an unusually handsome girl, so when she entered the room, Mr. Limon's face expressed at once surprise, disappointment and admiration.

"Nelly is sick this morning," she said, after introducing herself, and begs that you will excuse her."

"I hope it is nothing serious," he said.

"O, no, I think not," she stammered, and then wishing to get through with the awkward announcement as soon as possible, she added. "The truth is, I have something disagreeable to tell you."

"Let me know it at once then, I beg."

"My sister is a little goose," she exclaimed.

"I cannot subscribe to that, you know."

"You see, Mr. Limon, Nelly was so frightened last night, she could not say a word, and—well, she loves some—one else—"

Here the listener looked so grave and said, that poor Celia, impulsive as gay, burst into tears. Shocked, yet flattered by her agitation, he seated himself by her side, and taking her hand, thanked her for her sympathy. She soon restrained herself, and her brown eyes looked so lovely through their tears, that the rejected suitor began to think it was not such a very disagreeable thing to stand in need of consolation when administered through the medium of such very bewitching glances. Celia was exceedingly attractive, and she admired the gentlemen very much, so that he left the house in rather a bewildered state of mind, the great brown eyes shining through tears haunting his memory quite as much as the blue ones of Nelly.

Just after his departure, Mr. Willoughby called and Nelly, whose health seemed suddenly restored, went to receive him, blushing and happy. He sprang forward as she entered the room, and did just exactly what Mr. Limon had done the night before, but now it did not seem to impress her as awful at all. Certainly Harry appeared to form no such conclusion.

When it came to acting again, Nelly declared that she had had enough of it, and insisted upon Celia's taking her place. That young lady made no objection, and as the part suited her exactly, her success was unmistakable, and the result was that she walked right into Mr. Limon's wounded heart until he was fully convinced that if he had seen *her* first, he never would have cared for Nelly. This declaration did not trouble the latter at all, so long as Harry thought her the dearest little girl in the world.

SIBYL'S JOURNEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILIPPA.

"Farewell, my dear! Take good care of yourself!"

Good-by, sis, hope you will enjoy the summer!"

And Sibyl Dent found herself hurried into the cars, which were to convey her to B——, where she was to spend the summer.

"Good-by, papa. Good-by, brother John," she cried, leaning from the window, and waving her handkerchief to the two gentlemen who stood upon the platform, regardless meanwhile of a pair of blue eyes which were gazing curiously at her over the top of a newspaper.

"I half wish I was not going," she sighed as she sank back in the seat. "Papa and John will be so lonely with only Polly and Ann to keep house; maybe they will run down to see me. Helen begged me to ask them. I wish I was there now, I want to see the girls so much.

"I wonder who that is staring at me over the top of that paper. I think he is very impertinent; I don't like to be stared at in that way;" and Sybil glanced indignantly at the blue eyes, who seeing themselves observed, withdrew behind the paper.

"I thought that look would finish you," she said as she laughed to herself; but looking up in a few moments, there were the eyes staring away as hard as ever.

"I won't take any more notice of it," she thought, and drawing forth a book, she was soon lost in its perusal.

At last the train stopped. "Oh, dear," she thought, "I wish we were there now." At this moment the gentleman opposite folded his paper, and rising, came to where Sibyl sat.

"Are you travelling alone, miss?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Sibyl stiffly, as she thought, "what business is it of yours?".

"Can I not get you a glass of water?" he inquired kindly, "you look warm. I assure you it will be a pleasure," he said, as Sibyl began to say she would not trouble him. He was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, about twenty-eight, with dark brown curly hair and merry blue eyes. He brought the water to Sibyl, who drank it, and thanked him coldly.

When he returned, his seat was occupied by a lady. "I see my seat has been taken. Have you any objections to my sitting here?"

"No, sir," replied Sibyl.

Seating himself, as the cars moved on he tried to draw her into conversation, but she answered only in monosyllables, so he soon became absorbed in his paper.

At last, just at dark they arrived at B——. Hastily gathering her things together, Sibyl hurried out of the cars, where she was met by her two friends, Helen and Fanny Grant, with their brother Harry.

They were soon at home, seated at the tea table, where Sibyl was plied with questions, which she answered mechanically, as she wondered why she did not notice whether her travelling companion got out or remained in his seat.

"What is the matter, Sibyl?" cried Fanny, "I have asked you a question twice."

"Hush," said her mother, "Sibyl is tired."

"Oh! no; excuse me," said Sibyl starting, for the first time aware that they were speaking to her.

"We are to have such nice times this summer," said Helen. "We are going to a fishing party to-morrow." And they laid plans until Mrs. Grant said they must keep Sibyl up no longer.

"I wonder what his name is," thought Sibyl when she found herself alone. "He is certainly very handsome, and what elegant eyes he has. I suppose he thought I was very cross. I wish I knew his name, and whether he got out here;" and Sibyl fell asleep, to dream of a pair of blue eyes looking at her over the top of a newspaper.

The summer passed away pleasantly, and Sibyl soon forgot the little incident in the cars among the gayeties of the season, until one morning, towards the close of her visit, she was suddenly reminded of it.

Being at a picnic, she was strolling through the woods with her two friends, when a gentleman on horseback approached them; when he caught sight of Sibyl he half paused, but whipping up his horse again, he passed them, with "Good-morning, ladies," and in a moment was out of sight, but not before Sibyl had time to recognize him as her travelling companion.

Two days after her brother John came to take her home.

"I say, Sibyl," he said, "I have a new beau for you."

"Who is he?" asked his sister.

"His name is Herbert Winthrop—he is an old class-mate of mine, and he is coming to make us a visit. I wish you and he would make a match of it; but then he has fallen in love already, so I don't suppose there will be any chance for you."

"Chance indeed," said Sibyl, indignantly, "as if I wanted any."

"He is the handsomest man you ever saw," continued her brother, "unless it is perhaps myself."

"You vain old bear," cried Sibyl, "I declare if it were not in the cars I would shake you. Do you suppose anybody ever thought you were good-looking;" nevertheless, with an admiring look into her handsome brother's face. "But I don't know about his being the handsomest man I ever saw. I saw as handsome a one in the cars when I came down to B——."

"The cars!" exclaimed her brother.

"Yes, he kept staring at me over the top of a newspaper—and then he came and sat by me, and tried to talk, but I would not have anything to say to him."

"What kind of a looking fellow was he?" asked John, very much interested.

Sibyl described him.

"I wonder," said he; "let me see," with a glance at Sibyl, "Golden brown hair, brown eyes, and petite figure," he *said*, "it must have been—"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing, I was talking to myself. Yes," he continued, "Bert went down about that time," and he relapsed into a brown study.

And Sibyl thinking he was asleep, amused herself by looking around the car. At last they reached the city, and Sibyl sprang from the car into her father's arms.

About a week after this, John announced one morning, that Herbert was coming that day.

"He will be here in time for dinner—so, Pet, look your prettiest about that time."

Six o'clock came, and Sibyl stood by the window, robed in a brown silk dinner-dress just the shade of her hair and eyes; with knots of blue ribbon on her head and at her throat, setting off to perfection her fair complexion.

At last she heard her brother's voice, and hastily looking out the window she saw a tall form spring up the steps beside her brother.

As she turned from the window, they entered.

"My sister, Mr. Winthrop."

Sibyl started as she recognized the blue-eyed gentleman of the cars. John watched them curiously.

"I think I have met Mr. Winthrop before," said Sibyl.

"I believe I have had a similar pleasure," rejoined the gentleman.

"I thought so," said John, triumphantly.

"Why how did you know?" said Sibyl, in surprise.

"When you told me about meeting the gentleman in the cars, I thought what Bert wrote me about his adventure with the little wood-nymph in gray, with golden brown hair and eyes."

"Hush, John, that will do," said his friend, "do not tell tales out of school."

"How came you at B——, when I met you?" asked Sibyl, as they sat at the table a few minutes later.

"I was spending the summer at Mr. C——'s, fourteen miles from there, and rode over on business.

Herbert soon found excuse to prolong his stay; and before the winter was over, Sibyl was his promised wife; and the next summer when she found herself in the cars for B——, on her wedding tour, the blue eyes sat by her, not as formerly glancing at her over the top of a newspaper, but with the proud and happy look of her husband.

AGNES AYRE.

A Tale of the Times of Marion and Sumter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOLLOWING THE FOE.

Captain Herbert Gordon, with a considerable force of dragoons, was on his way to Gilbertown to join Ferguson. His men had been somewhat annoyed from the third hour of their march by a small body of whig militia, supported by a number of well-mounted horsemen. No direct attack had been attempted, for the patriots were not strong enough for that, but from hedge and sand-hill, and whatever else afforded cover, they had harrassed the troopers as best they could. Exasperated by this, the dragoons at last, by a sudden and desperate charge, succeeded in driving their assailants back some distance and capturing three of their number. They deliberately hung these prisoners, leaving their bodies suspended in view of their late pursuers. This cruel act enraged the patriots to the last degree, and though they did not in retaliation, as with such provocation they might have done, serve several of the wounded dragoons whom they had captured in the same way, they resolved at whatever risk to follow the British and make them pay in blood for the inhuman deed. The militia hung upon the flanks of the foe, sending many a well-aimed bullet among them, until exhaustion compelled them to retire. The mounted men continued to harras the enemy, but their number was too small to effect much injury. Nevertheless, hoping that some of their countrymen might be aroused to assist them, they followed on the trail of the troopers. Near nightfall they saw them joined by a body of tory militia. These were the men whom Clifford Ayre had collected to accompany him to King's Mountain. Uncle and nephew were now together by previous arrangement, and in due time they were with Major Ferguson.

The party that had so relentlessly harrassed the dragoons was under the leadership of our young friend, Major Adley. Marchester was with him, but as a volunteer—colonels in those times frequently serving below their rank, as we have already observed.

Little did the two men know how near they were to him whose object was so inimical to the safety of one whom both held dear—to Agnes. When they saw the direction taken by the troopers and their tory allies they thought of her. Was the war-cloud to lower and perhaps burst over the secluded spot where it had been thought no harm would reach her?

"We will go forward," said the Major. "There may be danger to Agnes."

The next day their fears were fully justified. The whole region was alarmed. The British were on King's Mountain; but they were not to rest there undisturbed. The gallant Colonels Campbell, Shelby, Sevier and Cleaveland were arousing the hardy mountaineers to drive the enemy from their midst. Volunteers were gathering rapidly, the hunter bringing his own horse, arms and accoutrements; and the scattered patriots eager for a chance against the invader.

Where in the meantime was our heroine? Caught in the whirlwind of war, and worse than all, delivered into the hands of those from whom she had fled.

CHAPTER XV.

STRANGELY MET.

Mutterings of the coming tempest had reached our friends on the mountain, but they were hardly prepared for what so quickly followed. Barnwell Rapp had come over to Bartol's to warn them of the approach of the royalists.

"I kin stand a Britisher," said the old ranger, "but a tory's a critter that's only fit to kill. An' it's said there's a heap of them chaps 'long o' the redcoats, fresh from their murderin' an' burnin' up in the State. I do hate to swar, for Bloom she never liked it, but I must when I thinks o' them. Blast their bones! they burnt Job Radley's wife alive up in Surry—she sick abed. Yes they did, the varmints, the hounds, the bloody thieves! You must be keerful, gals; an' party one," he continued, addressing Agnes, "they must not see that sweet face o' yourn. They're devils all, but jest wait, jest wait; thar's fight in folks around here. We're a'most ready, an' ole Rapp 'll try to help."

The woodsman had his blood up, and such men as he make dangerous foes.

"What had we best do, Uncle Barnwell?" asked Mrs. Whipple. They all called him uncle.

"Wall, I hardly know. This is about the safest place ef you'll keep close. I was jest—" The ranger's words were cut short by a terrified look from Agnes and a scream from Esther. He turned, and issuing from the wood, he saw a troop of red-coated riders, who after a cautious approach toward the house, on coming in sight of it, had struck their spurs into their horses, and now came thundering up.

"Quick, indoors!" shouted Rapp, grasping his rifle and following the alarmed women. He secured the door, and then went to the window with his gun.

"Do not fire, uncle," cried Mrs. Whipple. "It won't avail us, and they'll surely kill you if you do."

The ranger dropped his rifle.

"Ef they was tories there'd soon be one less at least. But maybe I'd better give in for your sakes this time. But I don't know—I don't know," he repeated, dubiously.

"Come out, old Bear-skin, come out, or we'll soon light your shanty," cried a voice from the troopers.

"Thar, do you hear that? I've a notion to try it yit," said Barnwell, again raising his weapon.

"No, no," implored Esther. "They will murder you if you fire, I say, when they do get in."

"Shall I open the door, then? They're a-knockin' right smart."

"We had better admit them," Agnes said. "Resistance will only exasperate them." She trembled as she spoke, with a great fear.

The old man reluctantly unbarred the door, and as it opened, there on the threshold, at the head of his men, stood Captain Herbert Gordon, smiling triumphant. The surprise of Agnes for the moment overcame her fear.

"We are strangely met," he said; "I have come far to find a welcome. Will you give me your hand, cousin?"

She extended it.

"Oh, Herbert!" was all that she could say.

"I will not upbraid you, Agnes, for your unparalleled conduct. I can only express my regrets at the course you have chosen to pursue—"

She drew herself up with dignity, and as the Captain paused, said:

"This is no time nor place for explanation or defence. What do you require of me?"

"You must accompany me to your father, who is near."

"Who is near?" repeated our heroine in astonishment.

"You shall know all soon."

Her father near! Oh! that after such long parting she could be glad to greet him. She felt that it was terrible not to be, and yet she could not rejoice at the prospect of seeing him who should be so dear to her. The words of Hipson—faithful Hipson, who was temporarily absent—rang in her ears, arousing the old fear and aversion.

"If I go with you, will my friends here be protected?" asked Agnes.

"I will promise you that they shall not suffer, but our men are hard to restrain at times. This fellow, who has been scowling at us, we will call our prisoner. He looks as if he might fight."

"He is an old man, and has been very good to me. Do not molest him, I pray you."

Barnwell, hardly knowing what to make of this strange meeting of Agnes and her royalist lover, in fact quite bewildered, since he rather expected the troopers to be insolent and violent toward himself and friends—comprehending that he had been pronounced a prisoner and that he was being interceded for, now broke in with:

"Mr. Ginerul," (he thought any one in such a splendid uniform must certainly be a general) "ef it's all the same to you, I'll go with you notwihstandin' that maybe the young lady could coax you to let me off. You'd be a queer un to deny *her* annything. But I'd like mighty well to keep old Sure-shot," alluding to his rifle. "But I 'spose that wouldn't be no surrender. I'd give up the powder an' balls; some of 'em cum within right smart of not bein' wasted," he added, *sotto voce*.

The Captain smiled, and said he might surrender on his own terms. The old ranger had something more to say about the difference between "a Britisher and a tory," as he gave up his ammunition and hunting-knife, retaining his beloved rifle.

His object in bringing Agnes' intercession in his behalf to naught was that he might if possible remain near her, and protect her, if peculiar exigencies arose. He knew better than his captors did that bloody work was soon to be done on the mountain, and he might be enabled to do her great service in the confusion that would follow.

In a short time the dragoons retired from the place, Captain Gordon with Agnes at his saddle bow, like a wicked knight of feudal days, bearing off an unwilling maiden.

We will not picture the meeting of Agnes and Clifford Ayre. He was coarse, cruel and wholly unfatherly. Agnes was silent and hurt but unsubdued. She could not acknowledge that she had done wrong, nor dared she say what final cause had driven her to take the steps she had.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN HOUR TOO LATE.

A number of Americans were cautiously, but eagerly making their way up the eastern declivity of King's Mountain. It was the party who had harassed the dragoons on their march westward. They had accidentally fallen in with Hipson, the mulatto, and under his guidance were hastening toward the cottage in which they hoped to find Agnes Ayre. The Major was all impatience and excitement, for independent of his desire to meet his betrothed he knew that she was exposed to great danger from the presence of the royalists, though he was ignorant of the special reason for alarm that existed. Hipson was also greatly perturbed.

"I would not have left Miss Agnes at such a time," he said to Adley, "only she would have me on Mrs. Bartol's account to look up her husband—he'd been away from home, and I was to meet him returnin' for fear he'd run against the Britishers, not knowing' they were about. Lord! Major Adley the best of gals are a little unreason'ble at times—even my young missus?"

"You left her at Bartol's, you say?"

"Yes, sir, her and the women."

"Was any one with them to protect them?"

"No one, sir, but they were expectin' old Barnwell Rapp."

"How near are we to the cottage?"

"Only a little further to go, sir. Yonder's the clearin."

It was a dangerous venture for these men, for not far away a body of royal militia was encamped, and their sentries were posted scarcely three hundred yards distant.

"Remain here, my men. Hipson and I will go forward. The cabin or cottage was now in sight. No one was visible, and with a trembling anxiety, the young officer went forward with his companion. They reached the front door and gently knocked. The quick eye of the Major noted that it bore evidences of a recent assault. A new fear seized him. No response had been given to their application for admittance. The knock was repeated.

"Who's there?" asked a trembling voice at the window, and looking timidly out the speaker in a tone of relief cried:

"It's Hipson! and—and—"

"Major Adley! Lord bless us all!" exclaimed a second voice, as Mrs. Whipple coming to the window, recognized the young soldier. The door was instantly unbarred, and the two men entered.

"Where is Agnes?" asked the Major, with a mighty apprehension of evil.

"She's gone," wept Mrs. Whipple." They've just this hour carried her off."

"They—who?"

"The British—the dragoons. But it was Captain Gordon, and she's safe enough from bodily harm, though she's in hands she'd rather be free from," said Esther.

She was about warning the Major of the danger to which he was exposed when the report of a musket gave sharper intimation. A shout from his comrades was at the same moment heard. They had been discovered by the enemy. A score of red-coats rushed out upon the clearing, and behind them came a larger number, evidently tory militia. The majority soon disappeared in the wood, while the others came toward the house.

"They have seen us, Hipson. We are lost," said the Major.

"Shall we fight?" asked the mulatto, looking to his weapons.

"It would be vain, and worse than that. For a double reason we must quietly surrender; resistance would exasperate our enemies, and our friends here would suffer; again it is imperative that no further alarm be given, else Ferguson may become too apprehensive of an attack by our men. As yet he little suspects what is being prepared against him. No, Hipson, we must yield. Perhaps we can soon escape."

The two men accordingly delivered themselves to their foes, and were immediately conveyed to headquarters. It tried the Major sorely thus to be debarred from aiding his comrades in the coming struggle, but there was no help for it.

Agnes Ayre had been comfortably provided for by her ungallant lover, and was resting in the one little room of a mountaineer's cabin that had been taken possession of by the invaders. It was near sunset, and seeing the glory of the evening light shining upon the forest, she dejectedly arose and went to the aperture that answered for a window. It was a strange scene that met her eye. She was in the heart of the British camp. Before her was posted a body of dragoons, their bright uniforms splendid in the gleam of the sinking sun; some distance to the left a force of tory militia was encamped, the smoke of their fires curling peacefully above the tree-tops. To the right was stationed a line of pickets, along the brow of a long, rock-covered declivity. She watched with interest these solitary, pacing figures. She saw two of them make a movement as of challenge to an approaching person. She gazed more intently, and soon up the elevation rose the heads of a number of armed men. With these, she saw, as they came nearer, two others, apparently prisoners. The party marched directly toward her; they would pass the house. Surely she knew the nearest of those figures.

"It is—it is Hipson!" she thought in alarm. "The poor fellow has been captured."

But the other form—more erect, soldierly, and of noble bearing!

"Great God!" exclaimed the maiden in anguish. "It is Major Adley—it is Henry!"

Her pale face with its expression of recognition and fear showed at the window. The prisoners, knowing that she must be near and thinking that they might by chance discover her, glanced toward the cabin.—Her eyes met theirs in quick and startled recognition. No word was spoken by either—it could not be—but in that brief look the lovers gave, what a world of emotion was conveyed! Joy at seeing each other again, mutual fear at each other's position, and a strange wild surprise both sweet and painful at thus meeting.

The prisoners were hurried on, and Agnes through the gathering gloom, with a deeper gloom falling on her heart, saw their forms vanish from her sight. Yet, in the darkness that filled her breast, glowed one spark of joy, tiny, but intense—he whom she loved was near!

CHAPTER XVII.

BARNWELL REMAINS BEHIND.

Captain Gordon was not aware that his unmet rival was in the British camp, a prisoner. If he had been, it is probable that the young patriot would have been more closely guarded. And as it happened Hipson had not been seen by either the Captain or his uncle. Had the mulatto been discovered it is more than likely that the rage of Clifford Ayre would have worked him deadly injury, for Hipson he had vowed should be hung the moment he was in his power. Fortunately the men who had accompanied the tory to King's Mountain were stationed at a distance from the point where the prisoners had been brought in, else Hipson would surely have been recognized by some of his former neighbors, for his was a figure that would be known even though his face were concealed, and they would have betrayed him to their leader. As it was, Hipson was very uneasy in his confinement and had resolved that very night to escape. He knew Herbert was somewhere in the camp, and he did not wish to meet him. As for the Major he thought of Agnes. Could they escape together?

It was dusk when the prisoners reached headquarters. The commandant was engaged in council with his chief officers, and no examination of the captured men could be made till the morrow. Adley's rank was not evident from his uniform, for that was not of the regulation order. Marion's and Sumter's colonels sometimes looked so far as their garb indicated very much like rustic militia.

The prisoners were thrust into a rude log enclosure—it could hardly be called a hut even—bound, and a guard stationed near. In this place were two or three other prisoners, likewise bound, and among them, to Hipson's joy, was his friend, Rapp, the ranger. He had not been permitted to remain near Agnes, and his rifle had been taken from him, notwithstanding the "terms" of his surrender. The old man soon discovered the presence of Hipson, and to him he thus expressed himself respecting their situation.

"This har don't suit Barnwell Rapp, no how. I've changed my opinion consarnin' Britishers. They hain't so bloody bad as the tories, 'cause they can't be, but they tries powerful hard to match 'em. They've tuk me rifle, an' slapped me face for jest mention' the terms on which fur the gal's sake I guv up. I had to bear it, but I've got the figgers down agin 'em. But jest wait, jest wait; I'de leave har in less nur an hour if it wasn't fur the party one. She'll need lookin' after to morrer, an' I'll be on hand to do it."

The ranger paused, and Hipson whispered a few words to him.

"Wall, now," said Barnwell to the Major, "an' so you're the fellow wot dares to think you're good enough fur *her*. Thar's only a few sich, an' maybe you're one of 'em. You see, I'm interested in that gal, an' wouldn't like to see her throwed away on some slack chap. But it's all right, no doubt. My party one 'ud know who to pick. It's all right, no doubt, young man, an' I'm powerful glad to meet you, an' sorry too, jest here. We're in a squar' fix, but there's sich a thing as gittin' out. Leastwise fur me. But I'm to stay till to-morrer."

Dropping his voice so that those outside could not hear—the other prisoners the mountaineer knew—he continued:

"You're one of 'em, Major, an' you know what's comin'. Now what had you fellers

better do? Stay here an' take the risk o' the bullets, or leave this an' go where you're needed?"

"Is it possible to escape without alarming the camp?" inquired the Major.

"Parfeckly, that is if you don't make a muss o' it. I kin loosen them strings in a flash—I'm pervided fur that—an' all you hev to do is to scrape through behind yender and go."

"But Agnes—" said Major Adley.

"What good kin *you* do her now? Jest leave her to me, young man, for this onct. We're bound to win to-morrer—it's a sure thing—an' if you're left alive you'll find her when the fight's over."

"But—"

"Now jest none o' yer *buts*. What I say is that you'll be uv most sarvice along o' Shebly or Cleaveland, and that's yer place pervided ye ken git there 'thout makin' no noise."

"We will endeavor to join our comrades," said the young man in a whisper of decision.

In another hour they had been relieved of their bonds—no very difficult task—for the cords were weak, and, moreover, the old ranger produced a small knife which he used to sever them in the Major's case, who had been more securely bound than the others. The knife was then concealed about the person of Barnwell and his hands again fastened by his companions, for he wished it to appear that he had not assisted in their escape, nor attempted to join them.

One by one the men crawled through an opening they had, with little difficulty, made in the rear side of the hut, and guided by one of the mountaineers, familiar with the locality, they entered a gully or ravine leading down the mountain, and by midnight were in the camp of the patriots.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE.

A long series of reverses had befallen the arms of the Southern forces engaged in the struggle for independence. Gloom and despondency hung over that portion of the country. The condition of affairs there was very similar to that existing at the North previous to the battle of Trenton. The tide of war now began to turn. The victory of King's Mountain was to the country in the South what that of Trenton was in the North—the turning-point in our favor. It was the morning of the 7th of October, 1780. A calm, clear sky bent over the heights on which were encamped the enemies of liberty. Exasperated by the atrocities committed by the British and the profligate Americans who had joined them, it was resolved by Colonel Campbell and his associate leaders to punish these soldiers who had become little more than marauders. Word was spread of the presence of Ferguson on King's Mountain, and a call made for volunteers to attack him. The response was immediate and general. The mountaineers and hunters came thronging in, each well-mounted and well-armed, and carrying his own provisions.

The Western hunter makes a very effective volunteer on an emergency. With moccasins corked, (sewing pieces of leather in spots on the soles of the moccasin to keep the feet from slipping in climbing the hills, is called by the mountaineers "corking" or "caulking"), and rifles new-flinted, a thousand men soon gathered at Doe Run. To them came Cleaveland's forces, augmenting the number to sixteen hundred, all excellently mounted. Colonel Campbell, as chief commander, led the centre column, and with him was the gallant Shelby, afterward Governor of Kentucky; the right was under Sevier; and the left was commanded by Cleaveland.

This was the laconic order of the day: "*Tie up overcoats, pick touch-holes, fresh prime, and be ready for fight.*"

Our friends, Colonel Marchester, Major Adley, and Hipson, who was furnished with a rifle and a horse, were with Cleaveland. Just before the advance was made, he addressed his men in unvarnished but energetic words as follows:—

"My brave fellows, the tories and the British are before us. We can beat them, and we must. If they had the spirit of men, the former would join their countrymen in fighting the invader, instead of assisting him. When once engaged, you are not to wait the word of command from me. I will show you by my example how to fight; I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as long as you can, and stand as long as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees or retreat. But I beg of you not to run quite off. You may be repulsed, but I shall expect you to return and renew the fight. If any are afraid, they have leave to retire—and are requested to take themselves immediately off."

It is needless to say that not one of those brave fellows availed himself of this privilege. They had come to fight, and there was not a coward there to feel rebuked by the Colonel's words. A ringing cheer was the answer to them.

The command to advance was given, and in three columns the men went forward. Nearing the enemy, they dismounted and silently tied their horses to the limbs of trees. The centre pressed directly up the mountain. While round its base to gain the rear of the foe swept the wings left and right. With firm and steady tramp the patriots pressed on. Ferguson boldly met his assailants with fixed bayonets. The rattle of musketry answered to the crack of the rifles of the mountaineers. The first man struck among the patriots, as related in "a grandsire's ballad," was

> "Uriah Byrne, of Black Fork,
> A younger man than I;
> His hot blood spurting in my face,
> He at my feet did die."

The British came gallantly down, with bayonets at a charge—but the deadly fire of the Americans compelled them to break and flee. The voice of Ferguson was heard, rallying his troops, and they returned to the fight, their brave commander at their head. Their firm and compact advance caused Cleaveland's men to give way, but before they had lost a rod of ground a deadly shower of balls from Sevier's followers, forced the British back, their ranks greatly thinned by the dreaded rifle. But reinforcements reached them, and down the steep they charged once more, bearing the mountaineers before them. Not far did the foe advance; every tree covered a rifleman, and every rock flamed with death. Cleaveland and Sevier both rallied their men, and with desperate fury the battle was continued.

Again was heard the voice of Ferguson.

"To saddle! Sabres draw! Charge!"

A fearful rain of lead fell on the mounting troopers. At the head of one section rode the British Major, urging on his men. The fire of the mountaineers for a moment ceased. Every rifle was loaded—and as the dragoons approached, the hurtling missiles went hissing to their midst. Down went the gallant Ferguson, with seven mortal wounds; his men fell back appalled, and the white flag of surrender was raised. No less than eight hundred of the enemy were taken prisoners, with fifteen hundred stand of arms—while the loss of the patriots was inconsiderable. Loud rang the cheers of the victors as they took possession of the blood-stained field. Though they had the memory of the recent atrocities committed by their defeated foes, when quarter was asked it was given—to the honor of the conquerors be it said.

All the early hours of morning, Barnwell, as he lay in his prison, listened for the signal shots which he knew would soon be given. The escape of his fellow-prisoners had been discovered, but with no worse results to himself than a harmless cursing from the officer of the guard, who felt that he must relieve himself in some way of his chagrin when he saw the others had gone. If he marveled why the ranger did not accompany them, he said nothing, and Barnwell still bound, was left alone.

At last he heard the crack of the rifles—the confusion in the British camp, and the tramp of the men as they marched to the front. Louder grew the noise of the combat, and reinforcements hurried forward to the assistance of their hard-pressed comrades. Now was his time. The attention of every one was directed toward the battle. He readily released himself from his bonds, and watching his opportunity, hastened, unnoticed in the excitement, toward the building in which he supposed Agnes was. A single sentry was at the door.

"I'll hev a chance at one of the sarpents," thought the ranger, as passing to the rear of the cabin, tiger-like he approached the unwary guardsman, and leaping upon him, bore him to the ground, seized his musket, and placed him *hors de combat* in a moment. He opened the door. Alone, with the awful din of battle sounding in her ears now further, now nearer, was Agnes Ayre, waiting in painful anxiety the result of the fight.

"Ask me not what the maiden felt—left in that dreadful hour alone."

A footstep startled her and caused her to look up.

"Hi! party one, I'm with you agin. Barnwell Rapp don't forgit you. He'd like powerful well to be 'long o' the rest, but they must spare him to-day. The fight's growin' hot, an' comin' this way. Here, Miss Agnes, 's a place for you. The bullets are throwed about mighty careless, an' they ain't so keerful of you as I be. Thar! they're striking' outside a'ready. Stand away from the winder, child; it'll be over soon I hopes. Our fellers is bound to beat this time, it's in 'em, and Cleaveland has the lead.

"This is dreadful," said Agnes, "to be waiting here while the contest is undecided. It were better to be one of the combatants than an idler on the edge of the battle. I could use a musket myself, Uncle Barnwell, like Molly Pitcher at Monmouth. I am not a coward. Hark! that cheering! is it not from our own men? Oh! God give them the victory!"

"He will, child; and I ruther think we kin be easy 'bout not helpin'. Thar's one among our chaps that'll do *your* part, since he knows he's fightin' his way to you."

"What do you say, Uncle?" asked the young lady, with a half apprehension of his meaning.

"Why, that young man o' yourn got off last night, an' he's fightin' *some* for his country to-day, but more on private account, I'll warrant."

"Do you mean that Major Adley has escaped?" asked Agnes with trembling eagerness.

"He hes, child; maybe I hadn't ought to tell you, but ev'ry thing's comin' to a pint, an' you might as well know the truth."

"Oh! God protect him!" cried the maiden, "though for his country I know none would more willingly die."

The noise of battle came still nearer. Barnwell could not resist the temptation to look out.

"They're bringin' up ev'ry man, Miss Agnes, an' the troopers is a preparin' to charge. I kin see part o' the line plain, but nary one o' our men, 'cause o' the smoke. It makes me squirm, child, to be this side o' the fight, but thar's no leavin' now. I wonder whar Bloom thinks her old man is? Thar'll be some 'splanation needed when she hears I war nót a helpin'. But I am helpin'," continued the old man, who could hardly content himself with the good reasons that kept him from the battle. He would never have left Agnes, yet he was very uneasy. But Barnwell was yet to have a share in the victory. Repulsed in their fourth and last charge, the enemy in confusion was driven back, pursued by the mountaineers, till the little cabin became the very centre of the fight. Seeing that his fair companion was protected from the flying balls that now struck with ominous thuds against the thick logs of the building, the ranger grasped a musket, and through a quickly-made loophole he fired at the foe till the moment of surrender.

"Thar! down goes their arms!" he ejaculated with triumphant satisfaction as he beheld the token of submission. "The vict'ry is ourn, child; bless the Lord!"

"Yes, thank heaven!" responded Agnes, fervently.

The agony of suspense in which she now awaited further developments we will not attempt to picture. She thought of her lover, of her cousin, and of him who had left her singly-guarded in the cabin to join in the contest—of Clifford Ayre. She had prayed that all might escape, for not even to those who had done her wrong would she have evil come, but her heart's most anxious hope was that he whom she knew was good and true had survived the battle. What if her lover had fallen now? How lonely and sad would be her situation!

The victors, with their blackened rifles and blood-stained garb, were crowding around. Cautioning her to remain concealed, the ranger left the cabin and mingled with his friends, who were disposing of the prisoners and collecting the spoils of the battle. His eye anxiously sought for the easily recognizable figure of Hipson. To his joy he soon discovered the mulatto, who with a bandaged arm was in company with a young soldier, making his way toward the cabin.

Barnwell joined them, readily divining that the young man was Adley, and that they were searching for Agnes.

"This way," he shouted. "You'll find my purty one all right, an' nothin' wantin' but a sight o' your live face, young man."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the Major, with a feeling of joyous relief. In a few moments they reached the building. The door was opened, the eager lover entering first.

"Oh! my lost darling—my Agnes!"

The lips of the maiden attempted a reply; but this moment of supreme and joyous emotion overcame her as all the terror and excitement of the battle had not. Swooning with joy, she fell into her lover's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[This fine story was begun in THE POST of Oct. 7—a capital time to commence subscriptions.]

☞ When Mrs. Jones chided her daughter for allowing young men to throw kisses at her, Mary Ann declared that she was aware of the impropriety, and never had a kiss thrown at her that she did not throw it back.

☞ The directors of French prisons cut off the hair of female convicts and thrive from the sale of it.

☞ Now-a-days it would greatly embarrass most ministers of the gospel to have their people rise and propound questions and seek answers; but this was the custom in the early church, and it served greatly to its edification. The reviving of this custom might sharpen some of the preachers, as well as the people.

☞ The Revolution, the organ of woman suffrage and other isms, is said to be dead.

☞ Mrs. Forster, of Weston, Vt., caught 31,400 grasshoppers last summer for hen-feed.

☞ The families of eight hundred steady and industrious men now occupy the houses erected in London by the munificence of Mr. George Peabody.

☞ Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah!" said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

☞ It is calculated that in 100 years possibly, and in 360 years at the latest, the supply of coal in England will be exhausted. That is a pretty wide margin.

DISENCHANTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

Six healthy brothers stood between Oscar De Lacy and a baronetcy. There was not much hope that he would ever come into it and the fortune, besides his creditors were becoming importunate, and there was no chance of obtaining anything from Government. For the last thirty-five years he had done little more than petition for office—but Britannia cruelly disregarded his entreaties. To complete his misfortunes, Charlotte and Lucille had failed to obtain eligible husbands. Emigration would be his best plan, he thought.

"There are numbers of rich young men in France or the United States," he said, "why shouldn't the girls secure a couple?"

"I object to France," returned Mrs. De Lacy, "for a Frenchman will expect a large *dot* with his wife, but the Americans are doubtless more unsophisticated."

Their income was small, although increased by an annual sum granted, grudgingly, by their relative, Sir Richard De Lacy. About a month after the above conversation, America was honored by the arrival of the De Lacys.

They selected one of our fashionable watering places as a proper field for carrying on the campaign. Mrs. De Lacy and her daughters were walking on the terrace of the principal hotel. It was a delightful day towards the end of summer.

Lucille, the younger daughter, was a beautiful brunette. Her hair was unusually abundant, appearing almost purple in its blackness; her eyes were luminous, sparkling with animation at times, but often possessing that melancholy look which so many have noticed in the portraits of the Stuart family. Her complexion was of the magnolia's creamy tint. Some thought her too pale, but that objection could not have been made now, for the sunlight, falling through the crimson lining of her parasol, made her face glow.

Mrs. De Lacy appeared well by gaslight, but in the light of day she looked faded and worn.

Charlotte, the other daughter, was a languidly haughty personage. Her principal characteristics were pride and love of novel-reading.

"The season is almost over," said Mrs. De Lacy, stooping to pluck a pink geranium from the border, "and we're as far from our end as ever. How many offers have you had, Lucille?"

"Five," answered Lucille, indifferently, "but not one over thirty thousand dollars—you know, if it had been pounds, I would not have refused."

Mrs. De Lacy sighed.

"All the wealthy men have left; there's nobody worth having here now, is there?"

"Nobody," answered Lucille.

"Then we had better start for Philadelphia to-morrow. The Chesters give their first grand party next week."

"It's too warm for parties yet. No one worth knowing will be in town so soon," said Charlotte.

"But Mrs. Chester writes that they have a millionaire staying with them."

The young ladies became greatly interested.

"Who is he?" they simultaneously demanded.

"A Mr. Merton. He's young and handsome; the son of an immensely wealthy candle manufacturer. The old man's dead."

"A candle-maker!" exclaimed Charlotte. "*I'd* die sooner than marry—"

"You will probably die sooner than marry, if somebody don't propose," Lucille interrupted, maliciously.

Charlotte colored, rejoining tartly—

"If I took as much trouble to gain the men's attention as you do, my list of admirers would increase proportionately."

"Well, we're up for sale, like racers, why shouldn't we show off our paces?"

"How vulgar!" muttered Charlotte.

Mrs. De Lacy, fearing further altercation, hastened to say:

"Mrs. Chester writes that Captain Mountain is a friend of this Merton's. Is he here yet?"

"Yes; there he is on the beach."

"Beckon to him, Lucille, and find out all about Merton and his peculiar tastes."

Lucille waved her handkerchief, and Captain Mountain, who had been watching them, joined the group on the terrace.

The Chester Mansion stood a few miles from Philadelphia. A narrow stream, noted for its beauty, ran through the grounds. To-night the lucent water reflected the brilliant arches of light which spanned it, and gently swelled beneath the gay pleasure boats that floated upon its bright surface.

From the house came exhilarating sounds of music. The guests were mingling in the mazes of the dance, or promenading to the sweet notes. Among the latter were Miles Merton and his mother. He was brave and manly-looking—a great contrast to the moustached and perfumed youths around him. He seemed proud and fond of the venerable lady at his side.

There was a pause in the music. The dancers were chatting over their ices, when the De Lacys entered. The moment was well chosen to create a sensation; every eye was turned towards them, and a murmur of admiration ran round as Lucille advanced. She looked superb in amber silk, with strings of pearls wound in her dark hair.

Miles Merton gazed at the lovely picture before him so long that he turned away with a blush of confusion when their eyes met, thinking how impertinent he must have seemed.

Captain Mountain was among the group of gentlemen that gathered around Lucille soon after her entrance, and Miles, observing his friend, hastened to ask for an introduction. The captain willingly complied with his request, and Lucille graciously made room for him on the sofa beside her.

She gave him the greatest part of her attention. She talked of books, pictures, and music. He was agreeably surprised to find that their opinions of people and things coincided remarkably. He liked this the more, because people had been wont to call his ideas peculiar.

"May I have the next waltz? Please say yes, Miss Lucille," pleaded an elaborately attired dandy.

"No," returned Lucille, smiling blandly, "I never waltz; I do not approve of the round dances."

The dandy stared, he had waltzed with her a hundred times during the summer.

This refusal was a master-stroke. It had the desired effect, and she saw it. Miles Merton's heart was already half-conquered. She desired to be presented to his mother. It was done, and her mixture of tenderness and reverence, though somewhat overacted, was really beautiful to see.

Miles Merton, as he left the Chester Mansion, was on the verge of love.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned," he thought.

"I've played my cards well," *she* thought.

Concerts, balls, the opera, and sometimes a brisk canter through the Park in the invigorating Autumn air were next in order. In all these Miles was Lucille's devoted cavalier. Manœuvering mammas frowningly asked their daughters why they allowed the millionaire to be thus monopolized. The daughters sighed, and turned their attention to poorer game. Even Charlotte de Lacy came at last to overlook the plebian occupation of Miles Merton's father, his money was too much for her aristocratic prejudices.

Mrs. Merton was seated in her pretty sitting-room. The sunlight filled the room, glancing upon her white hair and silver spectacles. Mrs. Merton liked the sun, and opened all her windows to it. A knock was heard at the door, and answered by a gentle "come in." Miles Merton entered. He began to talk rather awkwardly about the weather and the roses in the window. His mother knew that this was but a prelude to something more important. At last he said:

"Mother, I have never kept a secret from you, and I shall not begin now. I am in love with the truest, fairest woman on earth."

Mrs. Merton smiled sadly. "I am old, but I am not yet quite blind; I knew it before. But Miles, Lucille de Lacy is not the woman I would like to see your wife."

Cagliostro claimed to be able to tell an Atheist by the smell. Have not women a similar power for discovering a masked evil that has deceived the stronger sex?

"Why, dear mother, what can you mean? She is good, she is beautiful, she is almost faultless!"

"She is beautiful I admit, but I do not think she is good; I have a feeling that there is something false in her character."

Was his mother crazy? How could any sane person talk in this way of his peerless Lucille?

"Have you proposed to her yet?"

"No. She has given me reason to believe that I will not be rejected, but I will never marry without your consent, and I cannot ask that question until I know your sentiments."

There was a pause. Mrs. Merton bent her brows in thought.

"I will give my consent and blessing," she said, suddenly, "but on one condition."

"And what is that?" he eagerly demanded.

"Lucille de Lacy must be tested. My plan is this:" hesitatingly. "One of the De Lacy servants wants to go to see a sick relative. He cannot be well spared, for they're to have a dinner party to-morrow. Knowing that one of ours can be spared, he came here to-day, to get my permission to allow a waiter to go as a substitute in his place for two days. I consented, you will disguise yourself, and go to-morrow."

"I! What *can* you mean, mother?"

"I mean, Miles, that you shall see this Miss De Lacy at home. If, after having seen her in her family for two days, you regard her in the same light as now, I will gladly give my consent and blessing."

"How can you ask me to do anything so mean and dishonorable?"

"Mean and dishonorable, you call it! But I tell you it is the only thing that will destroy your infatuation!" cried the mother, her pale cheeks flushing. "This girl is a consummate actress in society! Without this test I will never give my consent to your marriage with her. It is the only thing that will save you from a miserable future."

Miles was silent. Should he try this plan? It would please his mother, and he was certain that Lucille would never prove unworthy of his love. He consented.

"I never saw such a clumsy creature," said Charlotte de Lacy, at the breakfast table next day, as she looked daggers at the new waiter, a tall, red-haired, red-bearded fellow, who was busy for the moment at the other end of the room; "he doesn't know his business at all."

"I wonder that Mrs. Merton tolerates him, but these *parvenues* are always afraid of their servants," Lucille chimed in.

"By-the-by, Lucille," said Oscar de Lacy, "how is your conquest getting on in that quarter?"

"Pretty well, papa, but I am awfully tired of it. Miles Merton is a regular bore, although he is rich. I haven't had a waltz or polka since I've known him. The fool thinks I don't approve of them. How nicely I hoodwinked him! But when I have him safe, won't I go it?"

Her father laughed. "Don't you wish you could get the money without the man, Lucille?"

"From my heart I do"—to the waiter, who had approached unperceived, "what do you mean by listening, sir?" "But his money shall fly when I *do* get it, depend on that. My spendthrift of a father could scarcely get rid of it faster."

"Take care, Lucille!" said her father, angrily. The waiter had heard enough.

At the end of the next day, Miles Merton doffed his carrot-colored wig and beard, and entered his mother's sitting-room. There was such an expression of pain on his face, that she almost regretted having proposed the plan.

"I am disenchanted, mother. I thank you," was all he said.

His bright illusion was gone, and its evanishment made his heart sore. He could never love again, he thought, but ere a year had fled the void was filled by the image of a sweet, golden-haired Scotch lassie, who made him happy for life.

The report went about that Lucille de Lacy had rejected him, and nobody contradicted it. The queenly Lucille wondered much at his sudden coldness; the disappointment of not securing him was the more bitter, as he had been almost at her feet. She and Charlotte are still wandering about in search of wealthy husbands.

CHOOSE YE.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from about seventy grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A glass of this mixture sells for a dime, and if a good brand, is considered worth the money. It is drank in a minute or two. It fires the brain, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard on which the deleterious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million type—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog, but it is not less true that there are a large number of people who think corn juice is cheap and newspapers dear!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.

Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

☞ A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? My sister is much handsomer. She is coming after me; go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman, and said, "Why did you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?"

☞ A New York oculist charged a wealthy patient $1,000 for taking out an eye. That eye was an eye dear.

☞ Dr. Beke has in the London press a work entitled "The Idol in Horeb," in which he seeks to show that the golden image made by Aaron for the Israelites to worship, at Mount Sinai, was a cone, and not a calf.

☞ A remarkable "haul" was that at Greenpoint the other day, when Captain Briggs, while drawing his net in the bay, inclosed thirty sharks. The largest one measured fourteen feet, and the smallest six feet. They were not at all docile, but tore the net terribly.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

There were four passengers in one of the first-class carriages of the train that ran between London and Marchington. Two of them were ladies, mother and daughter—the former somewhat advanced in years; the latter young, dark-haired and dark-eyed, a very pleasant maiden to look upon. The other passengers were gentlemen: an elderly, sunburnt man, with the traces of a nautical life visible in every action; the other considerably younger, not handsome, but with a countenance of great intelligence, and whose blue eyes had something fascinating in their gleam when they looked up from the pamphlet in which he was deeply engrossed.

The elder lady gazed anxiously from the windows of the carriage—wondering, at each station that they passed, how many more there would be before they should reach Marchington.

The younger lady was unable to answer her inquiries.

"I did not think of bringing a 'Bradshaw,'" she replied; "but I believe there are not many that we shall stop at."

The younger gentleman looked up. There was something very attractive in the speaker's voice, though he had been hitherto too much absorbed in his studies to notice his fellow-passengers.

"We only stop twice between here and Marchington," he said; "and we ought to be there before four o'clock."

"Thank you," said the young lady, bowing, whilst the elder one leaned forward.

"Do you know anything of Marchington?" she asked, eagerly. "Are we likely to have any difficulty in finding a comfortable hotel there?"

"None at all, I should think, mamma," interposed the younger lady, with an English aversion to entering into conversation with strangers; "the place is so large, that there must be numbers of hotels."

"The very size of the place may create a difficulty, Alice," returned Mrs. Carteret; whilst Charles Stanfield answered the question that had been addressed to him.

"I am afraid I cannot give you much information; but my father has been to Marchington several times, and knows the place tolerably well."

Captain Stanfield, thus called upon, began to enumerate the principal hostelries of the town, giving a rapid sketch of their relative positions, merits, demerits, and all other circumstances connected with them; to which Mrs. Carteret listened with attention—but which, in her present agitated state, had only the effect of bewildering her.

"Do you know Belford street at all?" she asked, when the captain had ended his description. "We wish to be near it."

"Belford street," said Captain Stanfield, meditating. "Yes, I believe I remember a street of the name; but it is in a very poor, out of the way part of the town. Are you quite sure that it is Belford street?"

He hesitated; for there was something so incongruous between the street, as he faintly remembered it, and the two well-dressed women opposite to him, that he thought there must be some mistake. Perhaps the idea of incongruity that he felt transferred itself to Alice Carteret; for she answered quickly,

"I have no doubt it is the street we mean. My brother is curate at a church near, and he described it as a poor district."

Mrs. Carteret, who felt as if she remembered nothing with any certainty, had taken a letter from her travelling bag, and was looking at the date as if to reassure herself—though she knew the address as well as she did that of her own house.

In so doing, she dropped the envelope on the floor of the carriage, and Captain Stanfield stooped to pick it up. As he did so, his eye caught the address, and he exclaimed involuntarily, "Carteret!"—for his thoughts suddenly went back to Linthorp; and he looked inquiringly at Alice.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I couldn't help seeing the name on the envelope; and your mentioning that your brother was a curate made me think of a Mr. Carteret I met at Linthorp."

"That was John," said Alice Carteret, eagerly. "Did you know him?"

Mrs. Carteret turned round.

"Then you know my son?"

"Well, I can't exactly say that I know him; but I met a very handsome young curate at the house of a Lady Pechford, an old friend of mine—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Alice Carteret.

"The admiration of every one at Linthorp, as far as I could make out; and going to marry the prettiest girl I ever saw—if it is the one I mean."

"It must be the same," returned Alice Carteret. "I suppose Miss Ellis was very pretty; but the engagement is at an end."

"Ellis!" said Captain Stanfield, with a bewildered look that had something ludicrous in its hopeless perplexity; whilst Charles Stanfield's face went crimson, and he held his paper a little higher, in order to shade it. "No—I meant Miss Wardlaw, daughter of the vicar of St. Botolph," continued Captain Stanfield, slightly emerging from the dazed state into which he had fallen.

Charles Stanfield—still apparently absorbed in his pamphlet—was listening attentively.

"Oh, that was just an idea—a wish of Lady Pechford's, nothing more."

Captain Stanfield was mentally calling himself an idiot for having been misled by Lady Pechford's intimations. If he had only remained at Linthorp, Charles, insensible though he had seemed to be, might have been won by Miss Wardlaw's attractions.

"But that woman completely deceived me; and there's no telling what other mischief she may not have done," he reflected—little imagining how near he was to the truth. "I always felt that there was too much of the diplomatic in all her actions."

And once more he was plunged into a chaos of bewilderment, in which he mentally struggled, hopeless of emerging. All at once he ejaculated—

"Diana Ellis—my god-daughter!"

And no sooner had he spoken the words, than he recollected what Dr. Crawford had once casually said upon the subject.

Alice Carteret started, and drew herself up a little.

Captain Stanfield saw the movement, and understood it; and it made him undecided as to what to do or say next. But Charles Stanfield, who had recovered his equanimity, came to the rescue in a manner that would have surprised Lady Pechford had she seen it.

"My father has only seen Miss Ellis once, and was quite unaware until that time that he had a god-daughter living. When my father saw her, she was engaged to a Mr. Seaton. You must pardon our having unwittingly occasioned unpleasant remembrances."

Alice Carteret bowed; but there was a degree of stiffness in the bow. And a silence fell upon the occupants of the carriage; who, from beginning to feel that they were almost acquaintances, relapsed into a state of distrust. Mrs. Carteret withdrew into her corner, and wrapped herself more closely in her shawls and rugs. She felt aggrieved at finding herself in company with the godfather of the girl who—though her son had not admitted it—had cast, as she knew, a blight upon his opening life. And for the first few minutes Alice Carteret felt it, perhaps, almost resentfully; but when her first surprise at Captain Stanfield's exclamation was over, she began to consider that he was in reality quite blameless, and that it was absurd to have any feeling of enmity towards him, simply because he was godfather to a girl of whose existence he had been in ignorance until after she had given up her brother.

Captain Stanfield anathematized himself for having made people uncomfortable; and the more innocent he felt himself to be, the more awkward and dissatisfied he became. It was not a matter for apology or explanation; all he could do was to do nothing; and he sat glancing occasionally at Mrs. Carteret and Alice, as if to watch for some sign of relenting on their part.

"I suppose there are good doctors at Marchington," said Mrs. Carteret, half in soliloquy, when they had gone on for some distance without speaking. "And there will be no one to meet us at the station," she added, after a pause. "What shall we do? I am afraid John is very bad, or the doctor would not have written himself. What is the name of the place we have just passed, Alice? We must surely be near Marchington now. I never felt so tired of travelling before."

Captain Stanfield's eyes were closed—perhaps he was asleep; but as Alice looked up to answer her mother, she and Charles Stanfield instinctively looked at one another, and their eyes made a mute deprecation of the position in which they were all placed.

"If you will allow my father and myself to assist you in any way, we shall be most happy to do so. My father is an old traveller; and perhaps, on the strength of our acquaintance with your friend, you will accept our services."

"Thank you," said Alice, "we shall be much obliged. Mamma is not accustomed to travelling; and to-day we had to start at a moment's notice, without making any arrangements, for I fear my brother is very ill."

"I trust not," said Captain Stanfield, suddenly rousing up. "I hope your son is not seriously ill."

Mrs. Carteret was a gentle and amiable woman, and the tone of sincerity in which Captain Stanfield spoke had its effect.

"My son," she replied, "is threatened with fever, which, it appears, has broken out in the neighborhood in which his duty lies. The doctor who writes says there is no occasion to be alarmed, as there is no immediate danger; only he thinks it advisable that his friends should come to him."

Captain Stanfield looked grave.

"And are you and this young lady about to run the risk of going into a house infected with fever, madam?"

"I must go to my son," answered Mrs. Carteret, simply.

"And it is not as though one were running a risk needlessly," interposed Miss Carteret—seeing the doubtful expression on the Captain's face. "This is a case in which we could not possibly do otherwise than we are doing."

"I suppose not," he answered, deliberately. "I suppose not. Still, it's a risk."

"One puts risks aside when love comes into the question," said Alice Carteret, a little warmly; for Captain Stanfield seemed to her but a cold, calculating sort of man, and she wondered whether his son was of the same nature. Suddenly, she met the dark eyes, gleaming very pleasantly.

"My father is not so hard-hearted as you would imagine, Miss Carteret. He has nursed me most tenderly through two fevers."

Alice Carteret glanced back at the captain, who was becoming much interested in the companions thrown in his way. As usual, he was beginning to build castles in the air on his son's account; and he wondered if he were sufficiently awake to perceive what an exceedingly pleasant face the younger lady possessed, and whether the time would ever come when Charles would fall seriously in love, and he should have a daughter. But his son was once again absorbed in his pamphlet, and Captain Stanfield half regretted that he had allowed him to follow his military tastes. "Love" certainly did not "rule the camp" in his case; and he feared it never would."

Mrs. Carteret having accepted Captain Stanfield's further offer of services, that worthy man set to work to contrive how he might make the most of his permisson.

"I shall be in Marchington for some days," he said. "My son is wishing to see about guns; and as I have leisure, I shall be glad to be at your service."

He felt, he knew not wherefore, a sort of interest in John Carteret; partly, perhaps, through a reproachful feeling at the injustice he had done him in the matter of Miss Wardlaw—partly through the admiration he felt for John Carteret's sister, and his anxiety to provide for his son's future welfare.

Charles Stanfield, unconscious of his father's meditations in his favor, continued calmly to peruse his paper—now and then listening to the conversation, which was becoming animated; for Captain Stanfield, having wedged in his oar, was working down the stream gallantly, and had so inspired Mrs. Carteret with confidence, that she was beginning to believe that Providence had sent her a guardian angel; and when, upon their arrival at Marchington, he proposed seeing her safely to Bedford street, she did not decline the offer.

"I shall be at the hotel, Charles, in less than half an hour," said Captain Stanfield. But though he promised, and intended to keep his promise, he did not carry it into execution; for John Carteret had become rapidly worse, and Mrs. Carteret's distress was so great that it was all her daughter could do to calm her.

"He has worked out his strength," said the doctor to Captain Stanfield; "and it will go hard with him."

Then Captain Stanfield's mind was made up; and accustomed to authority, he took matters in his own hands.

"I've been a sort of doctor myself," he said; "and I shall sit up with Mr. Carteret to-night."

Charles Stanfield, waiting at the hotel, wondered what had become of his father, when a note was brought to him.

"Don't wait dinner for me," it said. "I've had a chop and a glass of wine at an inn near. Mr. Carteret's as bad as he can be. Doctor's made a mistake. Fever upon him for days. Shan't leave him.

"Yours,
C. S."

Perhaps, as Charles Stanfield sat down to his solitary meal, a thought of knight-errants, culminating in Don Quixote, might have haunted him. The kindly, child-like, straightforward nature of his father caused him to fall into many adventures that would not have been met with by other men. How oddly things turned out! Who would have thought of Captain Stanfield's nursing the curate of St. Botolph's through a fever! Not Lady Pechford, certainly. Diana Ellis's rejected lover! Charles Stanfield began to feel a little sympathetic. His own little disappointment had been the only secret he had ever kept from his father. But it had faded away—it was a thing of the past. Diana was a flirt, not worth thinking of. Yet who would have expected it from such a seemingly natural and unsophisticated girl?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A sensible old soldier is that who lives near Louisville. Whenever a quarrel with his wife is impending, he takes his tent and frying-pan and some provisions, and camps out until his wife hunts him up and effects a reconciliation.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN CHICAGO.

Oct. 9.—A fire broke out in the Western Division of the city on Sunday, in a portion mainly composed of small frame buildings, interspersed with lumber-yards; and as the wind at the time was blowing almost a gale, the flames spread with great rapidity, soon getting entirely beyond the control of the fire department. It was not long before they communicated with the business portion of the city, and swept everything before them. The populace were thrown into an intense panic. Men, women and children crowded the streets, wailing and weeping, driven to utter despair. Nothing would stay the progress of the fire-fiend. Buildings were blown up or pulled down. The firemen worked with desperation, until they sank exhausted; but nothing availed. The fire soon communicated to the other side of the Chicago river, and commenced its work of devastation there. At last the waterworks were destroyed, and no water was to be obtained save from the river with which to battle the flames. Up to midnight a district of three square miles in extent had been reduced to ruins. Every bank, all the hotels, every newspaper office, the post-office, the custom-house, the waterworks, the gasworks, the railroad depots, the wholesale stores, the grain elevators, the shipping at their docks—in fact, everything in the heart of the city—was swept away.

UTAH.

George Q. Cannon and Henry W. Lawrence, leading Mormons, were arrested at Salt Lake City on Saturday, and held to appear at Court, on charges of immorality under the Utah statute. Thomas Hawkins, arrested on a similar charge, on complaint of his first wife, was arraigned on Saturday, and pleaded not guilty. His trial will proceed to-day. At the Mormon Conference on Saturday afternoon, violent speeches were made, the most violent being by Mackenzie, a secretary of Brigham Young.

WISCONSIN.

The fires in the Northwest are still raging fiercely. At Pensaukee, Wis., 30 men are reported to have been burned to death, the town being reached by the flames.

Oct. 10.—The terrible fire in Chicago, which began on Sunday night, has destroyed over 10,000 buildings, including the entire business district. One-third of the inhabitants are homeless, and many persons are supposed to have perished. A despatch received in New York at midnight indicates a renewal of the fire in the southern portion of the city.

The awful calamity which has befallen Chicago has stirred up the inhabitants of her sister cities to efforts for the relief of the sufferers. In Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis, Louisville, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Wheeling, Albany, Brooklyn, and other cities, the authorities, the commercial and other bodies, and the people, have set to work. Cincinnati sent on the first supply of provisions for the destitute last night.

THE ELECTIONS.

Returns of the election in Texas show that the Democrats have carried all the Congressional districts. Their majority in the state is estimated at 30,000.

Savannah held its municipal election yesterday. The Democratic ticket, headed by Colonel John Screven for Mayor, is reported elected by over 2,000 majority. It is supposed that over one-half of the colored vote went Democratic.

A special election was held yesterday in Rhode Island, to decide upon three proposed amendments to the State Constitution. They removed the real estate qualification from foreign born citizens, abolished the registry law, and prohibited appropriations of public money to sectarian schools. The first was rejected by 3,252 majority; the second by 2,719 majority, and the third for lack of the requisite three-fifths votes.

Yesterday morning, about half-past nine o'clock, an earthquake was distinctly felt in Wilmington and New Castle, Del., at Salem, N., J., and other places. At Wilmington, the shock was sharp enough to cause some panic among the people, who thought it a powder explosion. It was accompanied by a rumbling sound. The shock was also experienced in portions of this city, windows being shaken by the movement.

Oct. 11.—The fire in Chicago was extinguished by a heavy rain on Monday night. Yesterday afternoon some incendiaries attempted to set fire to the unscathed portion of the southern division, but were discovered and hanged or shot. It is supposed that about 500 persons were burned to death, and several of the houseless have since died from exposure to the elements. In the northern division, every house but one, for a distance of three miles, is consumed.

The War Department has ordered an immense number of tents and blankets to be forwarded to Chicago from Philadelphia, Jefferson, Mo., and other points. The Governors of New Jersey and Missouri have issued proclamations, recommending the municipal and other associations in their states to take immediate steps for the relief of the homeless in Chicago. In addition to the cities already reported as taking steps in the matter, Richmond, Va., and Wilmington, Del., may be mentioned. The cities of Baltimore and Brooklyn have each given $100,000. Towns in the interior of Pennsylvania and New York are also responding. Provisions have been sent on from Pittsburg. A large number of cities in various states of the Union have given sums of from $5,000 to $100,000, in addition to individual subscriptions. Of all individual gifts the largest is reported of A. T. Stewart, of New York—$50,000. Canadian cities and towns are also sharing in the benevolent work; Montreal has given $20,000, and hopes to increase it to $100,000.

Oct. 12.—The latest despatches from Chicago report that ninety bodies have been taken from the ruins. There has been great suffering among the people camped out on the prairie since Monday night, and many deaths have occurred from exposure. Considerable turbulence was manifested on Tuesday night, and 41 persons were shot in making arrests, but order was restored yesterday. Immense quantities of provisions are arriving in the city. Blankets and tents, from the government stores, are also arriving, and are distributed by General Sheridan. Already steps have been taken towards a resumption of business, and there is great competition for rooms for stores and offices in the unburned districts. An insurance officer, who has just arrived in Cincinnati from Chicago, estimates the total losses at $200,000,000. The total amount of grain destroyed has been found to be 1,800,000 bushels. 5,000,000 bushels are now in store, and the loading of vessels with grain for the East began yesterday.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11.—Wm. B. Stokley, the Republican candidate for Mayor, has been elected by 8,381 majority; for Auditor-General, David Stanton, Republican, has 9,546 majority; and for Surveyor-General, R. Beath, Republican, has 9,470 majority. The highest majority is that of J. G. L. Brown, who has 14,076, and the lowest that of William B. Mann, who is 1,104.

Newark, N. J., held its charter election yesterday. Ricord, Republican, was re-elected Mayor by 1,200 majority.

Another shock of earthquake was felt at Wilmington, Del., on Monday night.

Governor Brown, of Tennessee, was inaugurated yesterday.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Republican majority in this state is estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000. The Republicans claim 3 majority in the Senate and 18 in the House.

WISCONSIN FIRES.—The Mayor of Milwaukee has been advised by telegraph that the Wisconsin forest fires have destroyed several towns in the Green Bay District.

Oct. 13.—The terrible forest fires continue in Mich. and Wis., though partially suppressed on Wednesday by light rains. It is reported that 325 persons have perished at Peshtego, and 75 at Little Sturgeon's Bay, in Wisconsin. All of Michigan, east of Saginaw Bay and north of a point forty miles above Port Huron, is reported to have been "completely swept by fire." The towns of Forestville, White Rock, Elm Creek, Sand Beach, Holland and Huron City, have been wholly destroyed. Manistee, Rock Falls and Port Hope have been partially destroyed. Port Austin and Port Crescent are supposed to be consumed. All these towns contained large stores, many of them filled with winter stock, also extensive saw mills, shingle mills and lumber yards. Scarcely a county of Michigan has escaped damage by fire. But the worst feature is the loss of life. Professor Charles Scott, of Hope College, and a minister, whose name has not been ascertained, are among those who perished. Five children were burned to death near Rock Falls. Numbers of people were driven into Lake Huron to avoid the flames; of these, about 300 have been brought to Port Huron on a steamer. Many of them have been injured by the flames. A boat arrived at Kincardine, Canada, on Wednesday, which contained two men, a woman, nine children, and the body of another child. They fled from Sand Beach, Michigan, on Monday, and had been without food for three days. At the request of Collector Sanborn, of Port Huron, the Secretary of the Treasury has ordered a revenue cutter to proceed along the coast and relieve the sufferers. Disastrous fires are also raging in the Canadian Province of Ontario.

CHICAGO.—There has been no renewal of the fire in Chicago, and no disorder, General Sheridan having complete control. Eighty dead bodies, mostly found on the north side, were lying in the Morgue yesterday. On Wednesday the Coroner held inquests on 64 bodies, only two of which were identified. One was Henry Ullman, banker, the other Peter O'Brien. Twenty bodies were taken from the basements of two buildings on the north side, near Chicago Avenue Bridge. About forty thousand persons were fed on Wednesday. The Mayor gives notice that all articles which can give protection from the cold are needed in as large quantities as possible, also supplies of provisions, *not* cooked, and money, held subject to order. The bankers, at a meeting yesterday, adopted resolutions looking to such an opening of business as their condition will admit, and to an organization to meet exigencies. A number of wholesale merchants have begun to erect temporary quarters on the Lake front. Temporary dwellings are also going up, and by Saturday night hundreds of houses will be ready for occupation. It is officially stated that 50,000,000 feet of lumber were destroyed, leaving 24,000,000 feet on hand. Confidence and business are reviving. The Tribune newspaper issued a full sheet yesterday, filled with advertisements and announcements of merchants' changes of localities. The Republican also appeared as a half sheet. General Sheridan, in an order issued yesterday, announces that no disorder has been reported, and no authenticated attempt at incendiarism. To-day the Legislature of Illinois will meet in special session to devise measures of relief. Gov. Geary has issued a proclamation, urging all the citiesand towns in Pennsylvania to respond liberally to the demands for the relief of their sister city. It is announced that the Western Union Telegraph Company will transmit, free of charge, to Chicago, all messages *from organized committees offering* charity. It is estimated that 70,000 persons will have to be fed during the winter. Bishop Foley, of Chicago, has telegraphed to Archbishop Spalding, urging that collections be taken up in all the Catholic dioceses. The Catholic Cathedral, six churches, schools, charitable institutions, and bishop's house are in ruins.

FENIAN RAID.—The report of the Fenian raid, under O'Donohue, on the northwest border, is confirmed. The O'Donohue Fenians crossed the borders at Georgetown, on the 5th instant, and captured the Canadian Custom House and the Hudson's Bay post at Pembina. They were dispersed by the United States troops, who captured two hundred stand of arms, together with General O'Neill, who accompanied the raiders. The main body of "the Fenian army of invasion" is reported to have crossed near St. Joe, Minn., and to be pursued by United States troops. All the able-bodied Manitobans are under arms.

OHIO.—Returns from 52 counties in Ohio show a Republican gain of 4,300. It is believed that the Senate will stand 18 Democrats to 17 Republicans: the House 56 Republicans to 47 Democrats.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The chief topic of interest here in all circles is the calamity which has overtaken Chicago.

Subscriptions are already flowing in liberally, and a large sum of money will be telegraphed to the order of the proper parties in America within a few days. At Liverpool a committee has been organized, who have already made arrangements to despatch a cargo of food and clothing for the destitute poor at Chicago. No time will be lost, as funds for the purpose are subscribed and paid in.

The Times of this morning has a leader on the subject, and deplores the Chicago fire. It hopes that the despatches have magnified the loss, and declares faith in the energy of the Americans and the resources of Chicago. It earnestly wishes that the unfortunate city and its suffering inhabitants will promptly recover from the effects of the disaster. The other journals make the same topic prominent. Several recall the munificence of America to the starving people of Lancashire, and declare that Englishmen must not only repay that kindness, but must aid to restore the city which has been regarded as a monument of American enterprise.

LONDON, Oct. 12—Midnight.—In response to the call of the American Minister for a meeting to express sympathy and provide relief for the people of Chicago, over four hundred American and English gentlemen assembled at Langham Hotel, to-night. The parlors of the hotel were crowded to excess, and many persons were unable to obtain admittance. The meeting was organized with Hon. Robert C. Schenck as chairman.

One of the speakers drew a parallel between the conflagration in Chicago and the great fire in London. But the enthusiasm, which was evident from the opening, needed no stimulus. Everybody was eager to contribute, and within a short time from the opening of the list ten thousand pounds sterling were subscribed *circa rece*.

GERMANY.

FRANKFORT, Oct. 12.—As soon as the news of the terrible fire at Chicago reached here, an extra edition of the German-American Economist was issued, giving such details as were known, and calling for prompt action in behalf of the sufferers. Pursuant to this call a meeting was held, at which the leading banking-houses of the city were represented, and a relief committee organized for the collection and disposition of funds. Frankfort will send a liberal contribution.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Oct. 12.—The leading merchants and bankers of this city have opened a subscription for the relief of sufferers by the Chicago fire.

BASE BALL NEWS, &c.

PASTIME VS. OLYMPIC.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—An exhibition game was played here to-day between the new professional nine of the Pastime Club, of Baltimore, and the Olympics of this city, resulting in favor of the Olympics, in seven innings by a score of 10 to 6.

HAYMAKERS VS. BOSTON.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 7.—A game of base ball to-day between the Boston nine and the Haymakers of Troy, resulted in favor of the Boston nine, in seven innings, by a score of 12 to 3.

RED STOCKINGS VS. ECKFORDS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The game of base ball to-day between the Red Stockings of Boston and the Eckford's of this city, resulted in favor of the former, by a score of 8 to 6.

ATHLETIC VS. HAYMAKERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—The third and last game of a series between the Athletics of this city, and the Haymakers of Troy, New York for the championship, was played yesterday afternoon, on the grounds Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets. Owing to darkness coming on the game was called at the end of the eighth inning, and resulted in a victory for the Philadelphia club by a score of 15 to 13.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A waist of time—a stout old lady's.

☞ A warning for fashionable assemblies—look out for paint.

☞ It is all very well to say "take things as they come," but suppose they don't come!

☞ In Pittsburg, a street car conductor has been arrested for squeezing the hand of a lady passenger.

☞ "What do you ask for that article?" inquired an old gentleman of a pretty shop-girl. "Two dollars." "Ain't you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so!"

☞ Georgia corn is so tall that they harvest it with a ladder.

☞ Rhode Island has produced a rat of light cream-color and red eyes.

☞ CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—It is a curious but incontrovertible fact that when a hirsute young gentleman pays his addresses to a lady, he invariably becomes hirsuter (her suitor.)

☞ Atlanta young ladies lay wagers with their sweethearts thus: If her candidate for mayor wins, she is to kiss sweetheart, but if sweetheart's candidate wins he is to kiss her.

☞ A Danbury, Connecticut, youth restored a fainting lady in the Opera House, by biting her ear.

☞ Would you call an alderman a ghost if you saw him a-goblin?

☞ A young lady of Cincinnati became strangely affected at a funeral, fainted, and died in two days.

☞ A tea-totaller—The man who drinks nothing but tea.

☞ Iron telegraph poles are coming into use in Germany.

☞ Old People are notoriously vain of their age. There is a story of a very venerable crone, the inmate of a poor-house in Scotland, who, being asked how old she was, exclaimed with an evident feeling of pride—"Ah, I dinna ken, but I'm a thoosan' at ony rate."

☞ Some recent novelist having gifted his (or her) heroine with "snapping eyelids," that charming peculiarity is beginning to make its way among the belles of society, some of whom have already learned to wink with a clatter approaching that of castanets. Young ladies who excel in this accomplishment are called "snapping turtles."

☞ The latest strike in Germany is that of the barbers, who want two groschen (about five cents) for hair-cutting, and one groschen (about two and a half cents) for shaving. Heretofore hair-cutting has cost three and a half cents, and shaving one and a half cents.

☞ If a gentleman marries, the lady must be won before she is married—afterwards they are both one.

☞ "I'm my father's spirit," as the bottle said to the little boy when he found it in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.

☞ A Southern paper speaks of "the death of several citizens from throat disease, superinduced by razors."

☞ It is a curious fact, that while we are striving to induce China to accept our civilization, our best men are endeavoring to have the Chinese system—making civil offices the prize of candidates who successfully pass a competitive examination—adopted here.

☞ Cornell University has a complete printing establishment, with a large Hoe press run by steam. The work is done by students, who edit and print their college paper, the Cornell Era, which is the only paper made entirely by students in this country.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by-and-by?
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, space, space,
Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

☞ Five months in this year have five Sundays—something that does not happen but once in half a century.

☞ A boy of wonderful talent for whistling—so the legend runs—got round a sharp curve of the railway and whistled with such realistic beauty as to stop an approaching train. The flagman, apparently under the same illusion—came out and *switched him off!*

☞ "I hold," remarks a physician, "that thirty minutes should be spent at each meal, and spent, too, in chewing the food a good portion of the time, and not in continued putting in and swallowing; and in pleasant chat and laugh, instead of the continuance of the intense nervous pressure of the office or library. If you lay out to spend thirty minutes in this way at your meals, you may rest assured you will not eat too much, and what you do eat will be in the best condition for appropriation to the needs of your system.

☞ The modes of punishment on board ships of the United States Navy are often as novel as they are effective. Two seamen were recently reported fighting, and they were sentenced to hug each other for four hours, with a sentry over them to see that they did it affectionately.

☞ A young couple in Connecticut became acquainted on the Fourth of July, were married on the 5th, and a few days after the husband published an advertisement warning all persons not to trust his wife on his account.

☞ "How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to a fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. "I have been practising at a glass," was the reply.

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?" "I know I have; but, when I get good aim at one, two or three others will swim right betwixt it and me."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Flour—Sales of 16,000 bbls, including superfine, at $5,75@6; middling at $5; extra at $6@6,50; Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family at $7,25@8,25; Penna. do. do. at $6,75@7,50; Indiana and Ohio do. do. at $7@7,50; and Missouri and St. Louis fancy at $8@8,50. Rye Flour sells at $5.

GRAIN.—Wheat—Sales of 35,000 bus Penna and Western red at $1,58@1,65, closing at $1,66; amber at $1,63@1,68, and fair and choice white at $1,69@1,75. Rye—Western commands 95c. Corn—Sales of 40,000 bus yellow at 85c up to 90c, and Western mixed at 83@85c, closing at 87c for yellow, and 82@86c for mixed. Oats—35,000 bus Western mixed and white at 48@52c; chiefly at 50@52c, and Delaware and Penna at 50@51. Barley—15,000 bus Western sold at 85@ 7c, and some New York four-rowed at 98c. Barley Malt at $1,10@1,30. New Buckwheat Meal commands $4,25@4,50.

PROVISIONS—Small sales of Mess Pork at $14,00. Beef Hams command $23@24. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 11½@12½c, and Shoulders in salt at 7c. Lard—Sales at 10½@10½c for Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 13@14c. Butter—Bradford county fresh pails 30@32c; New York State fresh pails and tubs 28@32c; Penna roll 15@22c. Eggs—Sales of Penna and Delaware at 27@30c.

COTTON—Sales of 1400 bales at 20@20½c for Middling Upland, and 20½@20½c for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $35 ₮ ton.

BEESWAX sells at 32@32½c for Yellow.

HOPS—Prices remain as last quoted.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of sliced, at 10@11c; half Peaches at 10@10½c; quarter do, 7½@8; Blackberries at 13@15c. Green Apples are worth $2@5; and Cranberries $7@10 ₮ bbl.

SEEDS—New Cloverseed sells at 10@10½c, and old at 9½c. Timothy sells at $2,90@3,25, and Flaxseed at $1,80.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head, and sold at 6½@7½c, 250 Cows brought $35@50 ₮ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at 4½@5½c. ₮ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at $6,50@7 ₮ 100 lbs net.

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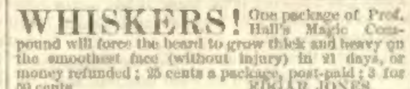

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WIT AND HUMOR.

WHO IS FAIL?

BY "OHM."

"Come without Fail." Such is often the final remark as two persons separate, the closing line of a letter, and the emphatic substance of a despatch. Who is this Fail whom everybody wants left behind? What has he done that he should be perpetually snubbed?

We are inclined to think Fail is dealt unjustly by sometimes. Some business arrangement in progress, for instance, in which Fail has a vital interest. A meeting is to be held to consider important points. All are summoned to attend except Fail, and each one summoned is strictly enjoined to "come without Fail." Clearly there is chicanery there. It would not be strange if it should prove a dark and diabolical scheme to defraud Fail in some way, or at least to take underhand advantage of him. If Fail, hearing of the way he had been treated, should manage to get in and burst the whole thing up, it would serve them no less than they deserve.

A rich old covey dies, leaving an immense estate to his heirs. Fail is one of the heirs, for Fail and rich men's heirs are often closely related. All are summoned in great haste, yet all are enjoined to "come without Fail."

We can imagine the perplexity of a lover on receiving a message like this from his mistress:

"Come to-night, dearest, and come *without Fail.*—*Julia.*"

"Without Fail!" says Augustus, in severe and perplexed reflection; "Fail, Fail, now *who* the dickens is Fail? I don't know Fail. I never heard of Fail before. What have I to do with Fail? And (clenching his fist and glaring wildly about) what has Fail to do with my Julia? Am I in the habit of bringing other fellows along when I go to spend an evening with her, that this warning in confounded italics should be considered necessary, even allowing that I know Fail? Not much. I'll know who he is that Julia calls Fail so familiarly, without adding a Mr. Without Fail, indeed! This terrestrial hemisphere will be without Fail, if I catch him."

And so it goes. Poor Fail! the most innocent son alive, we'll be bound, is snubbed, insulted and threatened in every way. But who is Fail?

CORONER AND A MUMMY.

In some respects Delaware is slightly ahead of any other state in this great and glorious confederation. In the matter of coroners, for instance, she is so far in advance of her sister commonwealths that they must soon either select for the office men of loftier genius, or else abolish the system altogether from very shame and mortification. A week or two ago a gentleman who had been travelling in the old world, and who had collected a large number of curiosities, went down to Wilmington. He had with him a mummy which died and was embalmed during the very year Joseph was carried into Egypt. The coroner of Wilmington—as report says—heard about the arrival of the mummy; and what does he do but empanel a jury of twelve men, and then march around to hold an inquest upon our old Egyptian friend! After deliberating for an hour and a half, and listening to the testimony of a doctor, who accused the corpse of having inside of him some complicated works with Latin names—all of which the mummy would undoubtedly have repudiated had he been alive—the jury returned a verdict that "deceased came to his death by the hands of a party or parties unknown." This was sublime enough. But our coroner conceived a higher flight of genius. He charged the regular fee for his services, but dated the bill back to the time of the mummy's death, and then presented it to the traveller, with compound interest added to date. The amount was some four million times greater than the combined national debts of the United States and Great Britain. The bill was accompanied by a dray for the purpose of carrying home the cash. It has not been paid yet, however.—*Max Adeler.*

VERY GREEN.

A Danbury, Conn., man hearing, on a recent afternoon, that there would be a heavy frost in the night, which would ruin *every green thing*, actually took up his carpet, and put it on his fence, which partook of that elegant color. About two o'clock in the morning he suddenly awoke his wife by the startling announcement: "My gracious, Jane, that carpet was a green one," and was about to spring out of bed to rectify the horrid mistake, when his wife, who evidently *shared his views of a frost*, prevailed upon him to keep in doors.

FOR THE FARMERS.

To Raise Hops.—Put a smart, active toad in each hill. Hops will soon appear.

To Prevent Dogs from having the Hydrophobia.—When just seven days old, hold them under the water fifteen minutes.

To Keep Hens from Setting.—Suspend them by the neck over-night.

To Make Hens Lay.—Tie their legs together so they cannot stand.

To Make Apples Trees Bear.—Pick off all leaves as soon as they appear.

He stood on his head on the wild seashore, and joy was the cause of the act; for he felt as he never had felt before—insanely glad, in fact. And why? In that vessel that left the bay his mother-in-law had sailed, to a tropical country far away, where tigers and snakes prevailed. And more than one of his creditors, too—those objects of constant dread—had taken berths in the ship Carlew, whose sails were so blithely spread. Oh! now he might look for a quiet life, which he never had known as yet, ('tis true that he still possessed a wife and was not quite out of debt). But he watched the vessel, this singular chap, o'er the waves, as she upped and downed, and he felt exactly as if to the cap, the "edifice was crowned." Till over the blue horizon's edge she disappeared from view; then up he leaped on a chalky ledge, and danced like a kangaroo! And many and many a joyous lay he pealed o'er the sunset sea, till down with a "fiz" sank the orb of day, and then he went home to tea.

THE THERMOMETER.

Mistress—"Mary, go into the sitting-room and tell me how the thermometer stands." *Mary* (after investigating)—"It stands on the mantelpiece, just ag'in the wall, mem!"

Complimentary.—A good story is told of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who, having been called upon and considerably bored by a man who had devoted himself to public lecturing in New England, without much ability for doing so, inquired of him, "What are you about at this particular time?"

The answer was, "Lecturing as usual. I hold forth this evening at Roxbury."

The professor, clapping his hands, exclaimed, "I'm glad of it? I never liked those Roxbury people."

Little Johnny's mother reached for him with her slipper the other evening for hooking the jelly, and after dusting the portion of pantaloons that he sits on, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I had fooled you. It was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

A conceited young parson once said: "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses!" "I thought of that," retorted a lady, "when you called them your beloved brethren!"

AN OBLIGING PRISONER.

The Sheriff of Pittsfield was about to commit a prisoner to the lock-up the other day, and had just unlocked the door, when the prisoner ran away.

The Sheriff started in pursuit, taking no notice of a boy in the lock-up.

The lad, seeing the door open, thought he might as well leave as to be hanging around there so away he started.

The Sheriff, however, was too nimble for the boy, and when he felt the iron grip on his collar, he waited at once.

"What are you doing out here, you young rascal?" said the sheriff.

"Doing! doing!" said the boy, trembling with fright at the stern officer. "I hain't doing nothing. I come out to help you catch that fellow. Which way has he gone?"

An Irishman, in speaking of a spell of sickness he had had, said, "Be my faith, I laid spachless six weeks in the long month of August, and all my cry was, 'Wather, wather!'"

When you make cider, select nothing but the soundest turnips, chopping them into sled lengths before cradling them. In boiling your cider use plenty of ice, and when boiled hang up to dry.—*H. Greeley.*

ONLY TO KNOW.

Only to see your face again,
Only to touch your hand—
Only to hear your voice again,
Ere I go to the silent land!
Only to know you will one day see,
When the sun is sinking low,
A shady nook, near a sandit brook,
Where the soft winds come and go.
Only to know you will think one day,
Though never the thought you tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
For this one loved me well!"

Only to know that an old sad song,
A sound of a breeze-borne chime,
Your heart takes back with a faint regret
To a far-off, happy time;
To a time that seems like a sweet life gone,
Never to come again;
And the after years, and my own sad tears,
Are all that now remain!
I sit and think—ah! many a day—
Though never the thought I tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
For, oh! I loved you well!

THE MASSACRE AT FORT MIMS.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

Travelling in Alabama, some months since, I chanced to find myself in the immediate vicinity of the spot upon which, years ago, stood Fort Mims.

Often had I read, with a species of terror-stricken fascination, of the terrible hour of its destruction; my heart had burned with indignation against its neglectful, obstinate commander, and had warmed with admiration of the few brave men, who, with death only before them, fought fiercely with their savage assailants, giving way, inch by inch,—that, perchance, some of their more fortunate comrades might effect their escape from the doomed fort.

So now, being in the neighborhood, I visited the scene of the tragedy, and learned, with no little satisfaction, that there lived one near by who had been in the fort at the time of its attack, and, after seeing his whole family perish before his eyes, had succeeded in effecting his escape.

I resolved to hear the tale from his own lips, and the old man willingly acceded to my request.

"You ask," said he, "if it is true that I was present at that awful massacre,—yes, sir, I was; and having been *there*, it has never ceased to be a cause of wonder and thankfulness that I am *here*.

"Ah! sir, those were troublous times; times when no man new at what moment the wild whoop of their merciless foes might sound their death-knell.

"No man dare stir from his door without his trusty rifle in his hand, and ofttimes, in spite of every precaution, he was shot down on his very threshold, his wife and children either slain, or carried into captivity.

"Such, in the early part of this century, was the condition of affairs in which the sturdy settlers of our then new western and southwestern States lived—and *died*.

"In the year 1813 I was a young man, just entering my twenty-second year, and my whole life having been spent amidst dangers such as I have referred to, I had become, in a measure, inured to them, and thus, even when the news reached us that the half peace which had for some time existed between the whites and the savages, was now at an end, and that the latter were on the war-path, I did not entirely relinquish the solitary hunting expeditions in which I so much delighted.

"It was during one of these excursions, that I discovered traces of the vicinity of our foes.

"Hitherto, I had scarce credited the idea of immediate danger to our settlement, for it had been several years since any act of unprovoked hostility had been committed in our neighborhood.

"But now that I had come upon a fresh Indian trail, and from certain signs, well known to the Western hunter, recognized it to be that of a war party, I became thoroughly alarmed, and hastening back to my father's plantation, sent several of our slaves to rouse our neighbors to a sense of their danger, while I myself, my one aged parent, (my mother had been killed by the savages years before) and my younger brother began to remove our most valuable effects to a place of comparative safety.

"It had long before been arranged that all the settlers, who were scattered over the county for miles around, should, in case of an alarm, seek shelter in the stockade of Samuel Mims, a near neighbor and intimate friend of our family.

"Fort Mims—so-called—occupied an acre of ground, which was enclosed by heavy, upright logs, the proprietor's spacious dwelling with its adjoining sheds, standing in the centre.

"The logs were pierced with five hundred loop-holes, and there were but two entrances to the whole enclosure, defended by heavy gates, which, when properly secured, might have defied the strength of any Indian force that could have been hurled against them.

"As our party entered at the eastern gate, a body of troops, sent by the governor, to garrison the fort, marched in at the western gate, and these, combined with the militia, and stout backwoodsmen, who had already flocked to this, our sole place of refuge, gave us a fighting force of several hundred men,—amply sufficient, one would have thought, to repel any attack from our rude, unskilled foes,—but alas!

"So crowded were our quarters in the fort, owing to the great influx of fugitives, that Major Beesley, our commandant, ordered a new line of stockades to be erected outside of the original pickets, thus forming two distinct enclosures.

"The days passed on, and our foes did not appear.

"Then a reaction set in, and the people began to forget their terror, while the major, who had from the first made light of the danger, encouraged the feeling of reckless confidence which speedily succeeded to the first alarm.

LOVE IS BLIND!

Isn't it odd! Charlie has been trying to show Bessie that distant vessel for such a time, and neither of them has discovered yet that they haven't taken the cap off the end of the telescope!

"Well, sir, things continued thus until the latter part of August, the 29th, I think, and then our community received a momentary shock.

"My father had sent a few of his cattle to graze at a short distance beyond the outer stockade, under the charge of two of his slaves. Ere the day was half spent, these men rushed panting into our presence.

"They had seen a large party of Indians, and had been compelled to desert the cattle and flee for their lives.

"You may well believe that this report created no little excitement; a party of horse galloped to the spot indicated, but neither Indians nor any traces of them could be discovered, while the cattle were grazing unmolested, not one missing!

"I cannot say that I, or indeed any of the experienced woodsmen, were at all surprised at this, to some, strange state of affairs.

"To one unacquainted with the craft and subtility of the Indians, it was just what might have been expected, in the event of their wishing to surprise the fort.

"To keep us in ignorance of their vicinity would of course be their first object, and this object they could more easily attain by permitting the negroes and cattle to remain unmolested than by attacking them.

"In the one case you see, sir, the negroes' fears might naturally be supposed to have misled them; in the other, there could be no shadow of doubt.

"But Major Beesley was no Indian fighter, and he ordered the poor slaves to be whipped for giving a false alarm; it was in vain that my father interfered to preserve them from this unmerited punishment.

"The night passed away without an alarm, and the following morning found the garrison sauntering idly about, as usual of late, the gates wide open, women preparing dinner, children playing about the enclosure!

"Ah! sir, my heart ached to see those precious lives so unnecessarily exposed to destruction, for *I* could not forgot the negroes' report; I knew them both to be brave, trusty fellows, and not likely to be alarmed without cause.

"Suddenly the peaceful quiet was broken by the noon drum beating the summons to dinner; and at the first tap, while officers and men sauntered towards the tables, the ravine became alive with Indians.

"I was the first to shout the alarm, and with Major Beesley rushed to close the gate. But our frantic efforts were fruitless.

"The savages pressed us back, and while I fell to the ground, stunned by a heavy blow, Major Beesley paid with his life the price of his false security.

"History will tell you the rest, sir, how the women and children in the outer enclosure were the first to fall beneath the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, how the sturdy garrison from the fort itself poured so galling a fire on their foes that they were at last fain to retreat.

"You have read how, just at this moment, Weathersford, Tecumseh's great lieutenant, came upon the scene, and how the miserable end of the struggle found only a few of those devoted men alive, wandering in hourly peril in the great wilderness.

'To return to myself.

"When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying beneath several mangled bodies, to which circumstance alone I owed my escape from further injury.

"A cautious glance around assured me that the savages were, without exception, too intent upon the attack on the now resisting fort to observe any slight movement at a spot so distant from them as was the eastern gate.

"I had fallen partly without the gateway, and could I but withdraw myself from beneath the dead bodies which pressed heavily on my breast, I saw a chance, a desperate one, it is true, for escape. With a slow, almost imperceptible movement, I at length effected my purpose, and once outside the fatal enclosure, I paused only to assure myself I was not observed before plunging down into the thickly wooded ravine in which our terrible foes had so lately lain concealed, awaiting the most opportune moment for attack.

"Ah! sir, the tears flowed from my eyes as I fled—bitter, scalding tears, not alone for the hundreds of agonized human beings perishing at that very moment, beneath the tomahawk and rifle—not alone for neighbors and friends did I weep—but, sir, with my last glance upon that scene of butchery, I beheld my aged father standing at bay over the bleeding, prostrate form of my brother, and even as I gazed, that old man, too, was stricken down, and his white locks torn from his head to be worn by his murderer as a trophy!

"That bitter sight well nigh maddened me, and but for the fierce desire to live for the revenge which was denied me then, I should have rushed into the midst of that savage horde that I too might die.

"But I fled from the fatal spot, fled through forest and swamp, never pausing to rest until my limbs sank beneath me.

"But directly I sped on my way again. I believe I was crazy for a time; the forest seemed to swarm with Indians. Once I remember I drove my knife fiercely into a tree, imagining it to be a savage seeking my life.

"At length I reached a garrisoned fort, and then the necessity for exertion being over I sank down in a swoon, and for weeks lay hovering between life and death.

"When I recovered I hastened to join the troops, which, under Hickory Jackson, were carrying the war into the very heart of the Creek country.

"Many a savage I slew, sir, but never one, save in fair, legitimate warfare, for I could not bring myself to that low vengeance.

"But a fierce joy was in my heart when I saw the Creek chiefs humbly sue for peace, their vaunted pride humbled to the dust—and felt that it would no more be in their power to repeat the fearful tragedy in which I had so nearly become one of the many wretched victims."

THE TIDAL WAVE STORY.

Prof. M. F. Maury hastens to allay the apprehensions of New Orleans by the following short essay on tides:

I have too much respect for Mr. Agassiz to suppose that he has attempted to "predict an earthquake" or to forecast any such tidal wave for Oct. 5, 6, as you describe—a wave so immense that it is to submerge the Southern Atlantic coast, the peninsula of Florida, and the Gulf coast. In 1870 a crack-brain in England alarmed many people there, with the prediction that during the equinoctial tides of that year an immense wave was to come into the Mersey and damage Liverpool. Scientific men were called on to allay the popular fears caused by this foolish announcement. This they did by showing that the equinoctial tides of that year would not be attended by any unusual circumstance whatever. As for an immense tidal wave in the Gulf of Mexico, that sea is, in this respect, like the Mediterranean, a close sea, the entrances to which are not—as a moment's reflection will convince—large enough to admit during the six hours of flood, water enough to fill such a sea to overflowing. That is why you have little or no tide in these two seas. So New Orleans is safe. At any rate, she has far more reason to fear the floods of the Mississippi from above, with their crevasses, than the tides of the Gulf with their waves.

You know the longest tidal waves are generated under the new or full moon of the equinoxes. These make the "bores" of the Amazon, the Hoogly, the Peiho, and other rivers that, fronting the tides, have open months in deep water for good entrance. This wave, after it enters the rivers, becomes a moving and roaring wall of water ten or fifteen feet high. Warned by the noise and alarmed by the appearance of the "bore," the watermen float out and make for the shore in their frail craft to escape a fill or capsize. The South Atlantic coast and the peninsula of Florida are not only out of the track and reach of such waves, but the agencies which pile them up are wanting there. Moreover, that long chain of islands which curtains the coast from the sounds of Carolina to the capes of Florida, is a breakwater which would protect and defend our shores from all the tidal waves that the combined action of the sun, moon, and planets has power to raise.

SPIRITUAL WARNINGS.

Railway engineers, especially those who run night-trains, are as superstitious as sailors. It is weird kind of work to run an engine hundreds of miles through the darkness and the rain, and a man who has this duty to perform habitually may be pardoned if his imaginative faculties become highly developed. The legends and traditions of any old railroad would furnish material for a remarkable volume. The experiences of engineers are generally of a supernatural complexion. A good illustration of the kind of story which they have to tell is given in one of our New York exchanges. Mr. Beattie, now an engineer on the Montgomery Branch Railroad, says that as he was once driving the engine of the Cincinnati Express train No. 8 up the mountain, it seemed to him as he rounded the rocks just before entering the great cut at Otisville, that some one said to him as plain as words could speak it, "shut off." He looked around to see if his fireman had spoken to him, but as that individual was leaning with head out of the cab, it was evident he had not. Mr. Beattie prepared to dismiss it, when a second time, as plainly and distinctly as before, he heard the warning voice, "Shut off." Without further delay he at once pushed the throttle-valve clear in, and shut the steam entirely off. Of course, as the train was going up a rising ground it at once slacked its speed, not a moment too soon, for around the rocks was the rear end of a freight train, slowly toiling up the grade. As it was, the two trains struck each other, but so slightly as to cause no damage, and but little delay. The same thing induced another engineer, familiarly known as "Old Buttermilk," to stop No. 2 in Greycourt just in time to avoid running into a wreck, one dark night, a year or two ago.

WAIT.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best—and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled hand in hand with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Contributors.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

M. K. (Chicago) says: "I am a young lady, twenty years old. I have been engaged for the last two years, but we thought it best to wait a few years before marrying. But now circumstances have changed, and I come to you for advice. My father has been wealthy, but has become reduced in circumstances by business misfortunes, and I will have to either marry or manage to make my own living. My lover wants me to marry him at once. He has a salary of $900, but I fear that will not be enough for us to live on comfortably, and I would rather stay single ten years than become a burden upon him. Now what would you advise me to do, to strike out a path in life for myself until his circumstances improve, or to marry now as he desires? I do not promise that I will be entirely governed by your advice in this matter, but it may help to settle my mind on the subject. Therefore I have concluded to trouble you." You wish our opinion, distinctly intimating that you may remain of the same opinion still. Well, you are honest and frank, at least, and these two qualities cover a multitude of sins. What you had best do depends somewhat on the state of the provision market in Chicago. Many married couples manage to pass life comfortably and happily in Philadelphia on a less sum than your lover's salary. There is also the fact that in some cases it takes less to support two together than apart. As your lover then wishes to run the risk, we think you might venture to make the poor fellow happy, if you are, both of you, economical and industrious.

Washington (Ohio) writes: "I am very decidedly in love with a young lady, who declares she does not and cannot love me. She is willing to consider me her friend, but had rather I would not speak to her of love, as she has no intention of marrying, and is not in love with any one. Now I am earnestly desirous of marrying her, but begin to doubt whether there is any hope for me. She has accepted my presents, which seems to me a favorable sign. But on the other hand there is her express declaration to the contrary. You may think it foolish in me to apply to you with so trifling a matter, but it is to me very serious, and I hope you will advise me whether, in your opinion, it is worth my while to continue my suit. Is there any hope for me in the premises?" There may be. The matter does not look altogether hopeless. The ladies—that is, some of them—are said to be fickle-minded, and as changeable as the weather. Of course, we do not endorse a saying so heterodox, and believe the ladies to be as constant as—as—the gentlemen. So long as she is fancy free, and your visits are welcomed, you may intrude in time into her maiden meditations. Do not talk love if you wish to win her. People will often drift into the harbor of love who cannot be blown into it by the hardest gales of passion. Govern yourself judiciously and there is no knowing what happy consequences may result.

Wilson, (Indiana,) writes: "I am eighteen years old. On travelling alone for a few miles on the railroad a month ago, I was politely attended to by a young man, who rendered himself very agreeable, and proved very much of a gentleman. Since then he has written me a very respectful letter. Now I can see no harm in this, and think my mother rather unreasonable in objecting so seriously to it, and in demanding that I should write to him and give him to understand that I am not willing to have him write. If he had departed from the strict rules of etiquette in his letter it would be a different thing. But he was perfectly polite and respectful. Do you think that there was any great harm in his action, and would you advise me to do as my mother wishes?" By all means. Always do in these matters as your mother wishes. If he desires your acquaintance, and can come properly introduced, your mother probably will be very willing that you should receive him as a visitor.

A. E. P. says: "I am nineteen years of age, and my parents are anxious that I should marry a young man whom they have selected for me. Now I do not like him, and am in love with another gentleman, who loves me in return. Now is it advisable to make myself miserable for life to please my parents, or to disobey them and make myself happy? Please answer in your next." We cannot perceive that there need be any haste in deciding so important a question. Parents are naturally supposed to have more matured judgments than children, and their wishes should always have great weight. Your parents may have some sufficient reason for objecting to your lover. You had better let this matter rest for a year or two, and the magician, time, may change you all into the same opinion, though we cannot say what that opinion will be.

A. P. S., (Raleigh, N. C.,) writes: "I am engaged to a gentleman, who is slightly inclined to jealousy, and seriously objects to my going with other gentlemen. Now is there anything wrong in my doing so? I do not think an engagement or marriage should make a slave of the woman, and am inclined to rebel against this interpretation." It depends very much on what you mean by going with other gentlemen. Engaged people should have a mutual consideration for the feelings and opinions of each other, and, so far as they can, consistent with proper self-respect, should do nothing to offend each other's prejudices. There are cases in which your lover could not reasonably object to your being in the company of other gentlemen; and other cases in which he would be perfectly justified in objecting.

Clarence (Brooklyn) says: "I am a young man of twenty and engaged to a young lady of twenty. We are ready to marry and yet my alliance objects, and so far as I know the principal reason for her objecting is that she is not able to buy a wedding outfit. Now would there be anything improper in my buying her a wedding dress? I am half afraid to propose it for fear of offending her." Then if you, with your knowledge of her, fear to propose this, we can only advise you to take no step which you would probably regret. Young ladies often have a pride in matters of this kind, and many would be deeply offended by such an offer. You must judge for yourself in your case.

Mono (Philada.,) says: "Encouraged by your kind answers to correspondents, I venture to ask a question, viz: I have lived with a young lady of excellent moral character, high standing, and in good circumstances for several years, and expect to do so for some time yet. Some time ago she told me that she loved me. Since then she has become cold in her manner towards me, but I still love her. What should I do? We are so situated in a family that we are bound to treat each other with respect, and sometimes she even seems like herself, and is quite conversational and seems to want to be in my company. Should I ask her the cause of her coldness, or wait for the future to decide? We are neither of age." We cannot perceive evidence of anything more than a moodiness of disposition, in your description of the case. Young girls, and young men as well, will have their moods, in which, without intending any disrespect, they frequently give offense. If, however, her coldness is so marked as to seem intentional, then, if you know no cause for it, you should demand an explanation. It is not best in any case to pass such things by with the hope that time will heal the difficulty. There may be some trifling matter of which you are not aware but which she views seriously, and which a few words of explanation may overcome.

D. D. says: 1st. Many years ago I have heard it said, and argued thereon, that either in the French war with the English, from 1755 to '63, or in the Revolutionary war for our Independence, 1775 to '83, the French government, in the former war, or the English government in the latter war, paid *premiums* to the Indians for scalps taken from our people. I wish to inquire, (perhaps you can give me the information) was there any truth in that saying? 2d. What was the total amount of our National Debt at the end of our late civil war, in 1865? How much thereof has since been paid off? And what is its present amount? I have seen all this variously stated, but have somehow lost the statements thereof, and thinking that besides myself likely others might wish to have an impartial, correct and reliable information thereon, I thus make inquiry of the Post." The total amount of our National debt, less Cash in the treasury, on September 1st 1865, on which date it reached its highest amount, was $4,751,781,189. On the 1st of September, 1871, it was $4,394,007,934—being a reduction of $357,773,255. In regard to your first question, you are mistaken. There was no premium paid for scalps in either of the wars mentioned. Burgoyne offered to pay the Indians for prisoners taken, though he deprecated the taking of scalps. His address to them on the subject gave occasion to the celebrated speech of Lord Chatham on the employment of the Indians.

C. H. W. (Maysville, Kentucky,) asks: "Is there any cure for what is known as 'scribbler's Cramp?' If there is, what is it?" We do not know of any cure for it. It is a very stubborn disease—yet there may be a mode of cure known to the medical faculty, of which we are not aware. You had better apply to some good physician.

MARRIAGE.

Voltaire said:—"The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of those acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections and his acts."

☞ A picture of life in Mexico: Two gentlemen of the highest rank in society, meet in the evening in the street in the capital. "What o'clock is it, senor?" politely asks the first. The other stops, draws his revolver and covers his interlocutor, then takes out his watch and gives the desired information. Number one thanks number two, without the least surprise or remonstrance at the measure of precaution.

RIDDLER.

RIDDLE.

What does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
Which poor men have, and rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

DECAPITATION.

Whole I am to value.
Behead me, and I am a small grain.
Behead me again, and I am very cold.
ERL.

RIDDLE.

May my first never be lost in my second,
To prevent me enjoying my whole.

WORD SQUARE.

A small vessel.
A single time.
The top of a thing.
To abound.
Venango Co. JENKINS.

WORD SQUARE.

Always.
A valley.
Otherwise.
Coarse grass.
Cobham. MRS. R. E. D. B.

COMPOUND QUESTION.

John having occasion to borrow some money, went to James and got $500, at 6 per cent. per annum, simple interest. The same day he got of Peter, also, $500, at 5 per cent. per annum—but on compound interest. Now nothing on either principal or interest on either loan was paid, until both debts, with the accumulated interest of each thereon, were in amount the same, when full payment was made. In what length of time after the borrowing of the money was this settlement made? and what was the said equalized amount to each paid?

JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a wife like a bad bill? Ans.—Because she is difficult to get changed.

☞ When is a bow not a bow? Ans.—When it is a bowknot.

☞ On which side of a donkey would you look for the most hair? Ans.—The outside.

☞ Why is a shoeblack like a clever schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he polishes the understandings.

☞ Why is a brutal husband like a dissatisfied cabman? Ans.—Because he frequently abuses his fair.

☞ Spell effects in two letters? F—x, effects.

☞ A fiddler said, "My brother plays b-e-a-u-tifully on the double-bass," but the double-bass one, on being asked, denied having a brother; how was this? Ans.—It was the double-bass one's sister said so!

☞ The best Conundrum out: In my first my second eat, my third and fourth I ate? Ans.—In-sat-i-ate!

☞ Why does B proceed C in the alphabet? Ans.—Because you must be before you can see. Do you observe?

☞ Take away my first letter, I remain unchanged; take away my second letter, there is no apparent alteration in me; take away all my letters, and I still continue unaltered. Ans.—The letter carrier.

☞ What's the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? Ans.—One is made up of a lot of little cells, the other is—*one enormous sell only!*

However, you might be worse off; for what is the end of celibacy? A sigh!

[Of course it is, it must be, as the beginning—in the convent-lonal acceptation of the term—is only a cel!]

☞ If a man cannot learn by experience, why is he like a laurel? Ans.—Because he is an evergreen.

☞ What's the difference between a French pastrycook and a bill-sticker? Ans.—One puffs up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

☞ Why was the glass I drank my sherry and seltzer out of yesterday like Nebuchadnezzar in his debased condition? Ans.—Because it was might humbler (my tumbler.)

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." CHARADE—Mandate (man—date). RIDDLE—Cod.
WORD SQUARE—

S T A R
T R U E
A U K S
R E S T

WORD SQUARE—

P A Y
A L E
Y E S

RECEIPTS.

Yeast Cakes.—(Communicated.)—In the morning boil 2 ounces of hops in 1 gallon of water, strain it and let the tea cool a little. Then mix with enough sifted corn meal to make a soft dough, add a little yeast, and let it rise until late in the evening, then add as much sifted corn meal as you can get in it, make into little flat cakes. Put them on a plank, dry in the sun about three days. Turn them over while drying. These yeast cakes will keep for any length of time. In setting your sponge take 1 yeast cake for every quart of water.—*Chas. Garvis, confectioner.*

Charlotte Russe.—Boil together a half a pint of milk and a quarter of a pound of sugar; then beat up the yolks of four eggs, add them to the milk, and let it come to a boil, and then take it off the fire. Have dissolved in half a pint of warm water, about a quarter of the quantity of gelatine contained in a box, and put this into the milk after it is removed from the fire; flavor it, and stir into it one and a half pints of cream which has been beaten to a froth. Set the preparation away—stirring it occasionally—and let it remain until it congeals sufficiently to bear the impression of a spoon. The previous day to making this custard, bake a sponge cake, and when ready to use it, cut off the top, carefully, and hollow out the body of the cake, and then, when the custard is sufficiently stiff, (as stated above,) put it into the cake, and place the portion which was cut off over it, as a cover. If you wish to serve it very nicely, ice it.

Cream Pie, Fine.—Half pound butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonsful of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

A Simple Cure for Sore Throat.—A well-informed friend sends us the following:—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them in with two spoonsful of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription, if necessary. Our friend thinks it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

☞ A. T. Stewart's *bedstead is reported* to be of rosewood *inlaid* with colored mosaic.